

# The SIGN



National Catholic Magazine

FEBRUARY 1960—35¢

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Times Square Teacher



## THE POPULATION BLESSING

An Interview with Colin Clark

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## Letters

### "WHAT IS A JEW?"

I found "What Is a Jew?" by Rev. John M. Oesterreicher in the January issue, interesting and informative. What the author had to say was good, but he seemed to bend over backward to make the article uncontroversial. I would have liked to have his opinion on the breach of justice and charity involved in the creation of the state of Israel and the part American Jews played in this attack on a peaceful Arab people. How would he evaluate the role of Jewish pressure groups in this country who have used their influence to favor Israel although American interests are better served by neutrality or by favoring the Arabs? What would be his opinion of the responsibility of the Jews who have brought a million immigrants into Israel to replace the rightful inhabitants of the country who now live in refugee camps?

I am not a theologian, but I would question the author's assumption that the Jews are still in some way the heirs of the promises made to Abraham. I thought that since the coming of Christ the Christian Church is the heir of all the promises. Maybe the author would benefit by a re-reading of the Epistles of St. Paul.

JOHN C. MORAN

BUFFALO, N. Y.

The interview "What is a Jew" in the January issue gave the answers to so many questions which seem to confuse both Christians and Jews.

Father Oesterreicher, director of the Institute of Judaeo-Christian Studies at Seton Hall University, has an appreciation of the misunderstandings of so many people about the subject and is well qualified to make the necessary distinctions.

If space had permitted, it would have been interesting to illustrate scenes from Orthodox, Reform, and Conservative Judaism. I realize, however, it was more important to use the allotted space for the questions and answers of the interview.

WILLIAM OLDS

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

### "UP FROM LIBERALISM"

I think Thomas P. Neill did an excellent review of Wm. Buckley's *Up From Liberalism* (December, page 69). If anything, Neill was too easy on this book, which has been praised by some of our Catholic right-

(Continued on page 6)

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## LETTERS

(Continued from page 4)

wing publications and writers. Buckley either has no knowledge of Catholic social principles or he ignores them. Some of the principles he advocates, such as laissez-faire capitalism, have been reprobated again and again by recent Popes. The only important freedom to Buckley is the freedom to hold on to your money. It's unfortunate that some of us don't have that worry—or don't have it in the same degree.

JAMES P. FAY

CHICAGO, ILL.

The purpose of this letter is to question the review of Mr. Buckley's book, *Up From Liberalism*, by one, Thomas P. Neill. I wonder whether Mr. Neill ever read the column, "Right or Wrong," which appears in *Our Sunday Visitor*. The Rev. columnist does not seem to think that the editor of the high-brow, fascist hate-sheet called *National Review* (ironically speaking) "condemns much of the social program of the American Bishops, the teaching of the last three Popes, and the thought of almost every (?) prominent thinker of the last half century," as Mr. Neill claims. Of course, as the columnist, Rev. Father Ginder, says, the volume in question is "A nasty little book" and the author "is a sick, sick man." Remember what he did at Yale. He exhibited "an arrogant passion for truth"; he uncouthly questioned the Dean of Canterbury about the inconsistency of being a servant of God and at the same time serve Communism; and after sojourning with those learned men at Yale dared to write that other infamous book *God and Man at Yale*. Mr. Buckley is so conservative that he is against everything, *inter alia*, atheism and even sin, and religion should never be mentioned among people of real sophistication.

LOUIS J. M. POMMIER

LOMBARD, ILL.

I am firmly convinced that reviewer Neill has not read Buckley's *Up From Liberalism* ("Book Reviews", THE SIGN, December, 1959). No intelligent person, previously exposed to a basic education in scholasticism, could fail to admire the firm logic contained therein. His arguments against Liberalism, and for Conservatism, are constructed in such neat syllogisms as to deny Neill's accusation of "generalization" . . .

Mr. Neill's failure to see Mr. Buckley's Conservatism as envisioning a society in which individual charity, good works, etc., are restored to their rightful position (displacing today's programs of Statism) does no credit to a Catholic periodical.

CLARE W. SAUSER

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### CATHOLIC IN SCOPE

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(Continued on page 8)

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## LETTERS

(Continued from page 6)

As a Catholic magazine, it is not merely national, but truly catholic in scope. The subject matter is as wide as the interests of the Church in all lands.

ELIZABETH GARDNER  
WORCESTER, MASS.

## WORKING MOTHERS

It was startling to read in the article "Working Mothers' Emotional Scars" (January issue) that today married women workers outnumber bachelor girls better than two to one; and at the last count 12 million married women or 18 per cent of the nation's working people were in the U. S. labor force.

I wonder if those who think this is the solution to their family problems have analyzed some of the consequences mentioned.

MARION HANDS

DENVER, COLO.

## PUERTO RICANS

I enjoyed reading Richard Gilman's and John McNiff's illuminating article on the plight of Puerto Rican migrants to New York and the challenge of "By 1965 or Never," both of which appeared in your November issue. The latter especially is heartwarming testimony to the Church's response to her children in need. . . .

But there is an even larger population within the Church to be considered in the task of opinion enlightenment. I refer to the lay people who are eager to help but who don't know where to begin.

Last summer, I had the very happy experience of joining a group of Catholic men and women of varied occupations who flew to Puerto Rico on a Mission Vacation in co-operation with the Catholic University of Puerto Rico at Ponce.

I am sure that, when the trip started, most of us felt we were "giving" our time toward a better understanding of the "problem." But our two weeks in the beautiful land of Puerto Rico were spent in receiving. These wonderfully warm, hospitable people who asked us to "come in and grace our house" and who shared their sometimes meager store with a generosity that is natural to them deserve a fair better welcome on the mainland.

It is difficult to love when we do not know; but just six hours' flight time and two weeks' vacation supply all of the answers—in the most delightful and exciting way imaginable.

CATHERINE J. GRAHAM  
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

## "DAY OF CHRIST'S BIRTH"

I read with great pleasure Jim Bishop's article on the birth of Christ, in your December issue. Bishop certainly has the faculty of taking a person to the scene and making him see and hear what is taking place. I read it through a second time to see if I could spot any errors but couldn't. I know some of the details are fictionized,

but the facts are there and are told reverently and accurately. In his book *The Day Christ Died*, Bishop told the story of Christ's Passion. In his article in THE SIGN, he told the story of the beginnings of His life on earth. Why not get him to join the two with an account of Christ's Public Ministry? That would give us a beautifully written Life of Christ.

ROBERT GORDON

NEW YORK, N. Y.

I wish to thank you for publishing such a wonderful and inspiring Catholic magazine. I enjoyed the article entitled: "The Day of Christ's Birth." Every year at Christmas time I read the story of Christ's birth, and every year it fills me with a new love and appreciation....

GERMAINE GAUTHIER

WATERBURY, CONN.

#### FRANK P. JAY

Who is Frank P. Jay, and has he written other things I could find to read? His "Good-By, Mr. Santa" in the December issue, is stupendous. I lived through those times and remember so well the heartache, the mothers stunned by their losses in the first World War, the blinding blows of the depression, the second World War—more losses, more dead, more pain, and heartache. But to put it into words such as these with such restraint, such power fills me with a great envy....

JEAN BROWN

NORTHBROOK, ILL.

#### BREAD BAKERS

Bakers do not make the type of bread they personally prefer. ("Home-made Bread, Anyone?" December, p. 57). They market the kind the housewives buy and demand. We have had it proven time and again that the fastest selling loaf in any market is the one that is the softest and lightest loaf available. Many people seem to believe bakers spend most of the time in league with the devil, figuring out new and satanic ways to extract more vitamins from their products and make a loaf that is sure to harm their customers' health. I say again, bakers make the type of bread demanded by the consuming public....

You say: "Commercial producers strive to achieve sweetness, whiteness, and uniformity in flavor." How can milling grain make it sweet? I should think that striving for uniformity in any product is laudable. You suggest the reason for this is "because grains treated to produce these qualities have a long storage life." Who wants a long storage life? A miller producing 500,000 to 1,000,000 pounds of flour a day does not want to store it. It would take a fortune in bins and money to carry it, which would raise his costs. The baker has no interest in storing flour more than a few weeks for proper aging. He is anxious to keep his money invested in inventories down to a minimum too.

You further state that "if grains are not milled and chemically bleached to remove the hulls and oils, they will spoil easily." Bleaching is done for two reasons: The great majority of consumers prefer a

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The Rev. Fr. Francis L. Filas, S.J.  
Associate Professor of Theology  
Loyola University, Chicago

"The work is highly recommended to parents by a number of cautious priests."

End of Catholic Book Review in  
"Salesianum" St. Francis Seminary Publication, Milwaukee

Excerpts from The Rt. Rev. Msgr. J. D. Conway's review of this book in the Catholic Messenger are as follows: "I don't mind giving him (the author) a free assist because this book well deserves a boost. It will prevent the curious little mind from experiment, shame, and a feeling of guilt. And above all, it will establish that confidence and frankness which is going to be so necessary 10 or 12 years later when real problems arise, and thus will save teen-agers from coming to me or some other priest with questions they wouldn't dare ask mother."

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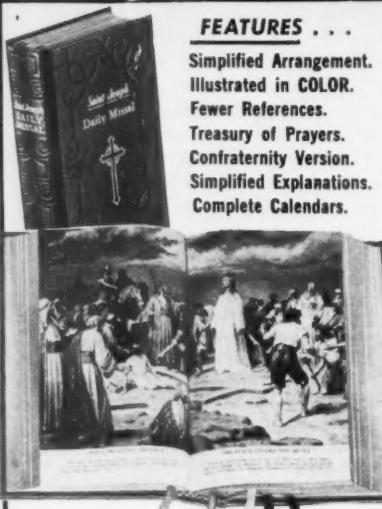
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white flour or bread and also bleaching hastens the "aging" of flour which must take place before being made into bread. Then again, this is the first time I have ever heard that "any vitamins present will encourage insect pests to thrive."

You suggest that when synthetic vitamins are added to bread it is "gloriously labeled 'enriched'." Your inference is that the baker is trying to fool the customer or at least suggest a value greater than justified. As a matter of fact, the government insists on the use of the word "enriched." The baker does not want it as it suggests heavy caloric values.

Here again one can dwell on the greater food values in the bread of today as compared to the product before the Second World War. The American Medical Association and the government, realizing the need for most vitamins missing from most diets, included in War Order #1 that bread must contain certain levels of vitamins and minerals. A few years ago, on the tenth anniversary of the bread enrichment program, the President of the American Medical Association stated it was the greatest single contribution to the nation's health in this generation.

ALBERT S. SCHMIDT, PRESIDENT  
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## FOREIGN AID

Reading readers' comments in your letters column (November) about "Foreign Aid," I was shocked and even terrified. There it sounded to me that we are starting to fear and doubt ourselves. And this is exactly what the Communists are waiting for. To scare us, so that we would be unsure of ourselves, our strength, and our actions . . .

A. LANDSBERGS

WHITE BEAR LAKE, MINN.

## FRUSTRATING FIFTIES

Your December issue was wonderful. It was a grand finale to your past eleven issues of 1959.

May I say also I was deeply moved and impressed with your article "The Frustrating Fifties." Brief as it was, it certainly summed up accurately the condition of America today. Please God, ten years from today, Jacques Lowe will have more pleasing pictures for us!

MRS. P. KOHLBREMMER  
PEARL RIVER, N. Y.

## RED SMITH

I don't know how he does it, but he does it to me every month. I mean Red Smith. I don't care a hang about sports and never read the sports pages of my daily paper, but I never miss Red Smith's column in THE SIGN. I don't know any writer of the English language who can equal him. Why not collect his columns and publish them in a book? It would be a gem of English literature and could be used as a model for aspiring writers. Could you get Red to write on other subjects as well as on sports?

WILLIAM P. HUNT

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

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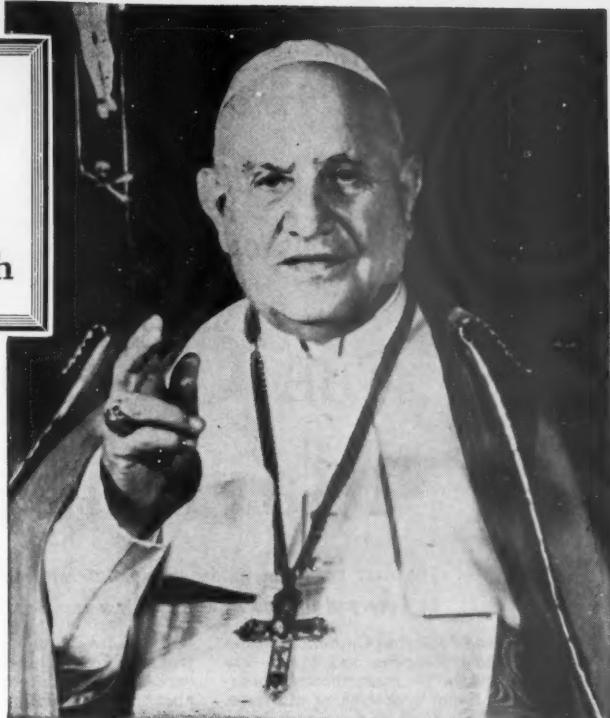
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How to understand your mate

Qualities of successful husband and wife . . . Learning to accept your role in marriage . . .

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(By Bernard J. Pisani, M.D., Director, Department of Obstetrics and Gynecology, St. Vincent's Hospital, New York.) Sex is God's creation: not "vulgar" . . . What you should avoid: puritanical views of sex

Physical aspects . . . How

husbands and wives approach marital act differently . . . Physical and emotional responses of men and women . . . What wife needs . . . Partners "right" or

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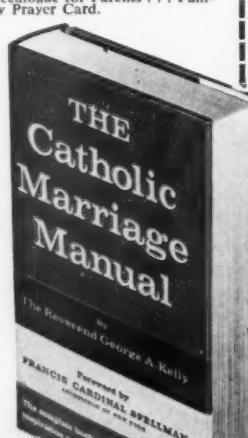
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## CONFIDENT



22

Father Walter C. Jaskiewicz, S.J., teaches Communism to students who want to understand the enemy

## WORRIED



25

A widow, Kay Flanagan is concerned most of all with trying to be both parents to seven children

## MELANCHOLY



52

Eric Pinto will miss the happy life of his family in Bombay; he's given it up for a higher one

**Cover Photo  
by Ed Lettau**



### The American Scene

- 22 VIEWING THE REDS FROM ROSE HILL, by Edward Wakin
- 25 WITHOUT A FATHER, *A Sign Picture Story*
- 60 CHRIST'S SPOKESMEN IN TIMES SQUARE, by Douglas J. Roche

### The World Scene

- 30 THE POPULATION BLESSING, *An Interview with Colin Clark*
- 34 COME BACK TO CALABRIA, by John J. Casserly
- 52 FAMILY LIFE IN INDIA, *A Sign Picture Story*

### Various

- 19 PLEASE, MAY I BE A NUN? by Sister Maryanna, O.P.
- 40 THE FAST BUCK AND THE SLOW ETHIC, by James E. Kenney
- 50 DON'T GIVE YOUR CHILD EVERYTHING, by Robert P. Odenwald
- 66 HERE AND THERE, by Robert O'Hara, C.P.

### Short Story

- 42 THE CHILDREN, by Catherine Sheridan

### Editorials

- 14 THE ARAB REFUGEES, by Ralph Gorman, C.P.
- 15 CURRENT FACT AND COMMENT

### Entertainment

- 37 STAGE & SCREEN, by Jerry Cotter
- 48 THE MARCH OF VIVID JOURNALISM, by John P. Shanley

### Features

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 4 LETTERS  | 63 WOMAN TO WOMAN,<br>by Katherine Burton |
| 47 THE REFORMATION REVISITED,<br>by Kilian McDonnell, O.S.B. | 64 PEOPLE                                 |
| 57 SIGN POST,<br>by Adrian Lynch, C.P.                       | 68 SQUAW VALLEY CARNIVAL,<br>by Red Smith |
|  | 70 BOOK REVIEWS                           |

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## EDITOR'S PAGE

# The Arab Refugees

ONE OF THE anomalies of our time is man's continued inhumanity to man. We have made so much progress in so many fields that it is strange that in our treatment of our fellow human beings we are sometimes little better than beasts.

World Refugee Year will end on June 30. We have made some progress in alleviating the lot of the nearly fourteen million refugees who still languish in misery, but we have done nothing commensurate with the need.

We think of refugees in the abstract, as a problem of the U.N. or of governments or of international organizations. We forget that they are beings of flesh and blood like ourselves, that they have the same hopes and loves and ambitions as our neighbors down the street.

We Americans have a particular responsibility for the Arab refugees in Palestine. We aided and abetted the Zionists and Israelis who drove nearly a million Arabs from their homes and replaced them on the land with a million Jewish immigrants. Twelve years later, these Arabs are still languishing in refugee camps. Although the Arabs had lived in this territory for over thirteen hundred years, much of the American press and many leading Americans defended and praised this atrocity. Our government encouraged and applauded it. When President Truman was reproached for his part in it, he replied cynically: "I'm sorry, gentlemen, but I have to answer to hundreds of thousands who are anxious for the success of Zionism; I do not have hundreds of thousands of Arabs among my constituents."

Not all Jews are Zionists, nor do all approve the rape of Palestine. Here is what Mr. William Zukerman, editor of the *Jewish Newsletter*, a publication of the highest moral and intellectual standards, has to say:

"The Arabs have lost, by the emergence of the state of Israel, their homes, fields, and country which, as history has shown, can be regained. But the Jews are in mortal danger of losing their souls and status as a people of justice and mercy which was their most precious possession for centuries. . . .

"The Christian world too, now better disposed toward the Jews than at any previous time, is not likely to forget the tragically dramatic moral paradox of our time, that Jews, the most pitiful victims of

exile and oppression in history, were the first to use the same methods which had been used against them and inflicted the tragedy of exile on other people because this helped to build more conveniently a new state. And are true Christians ever likely to forget the spectacle of American Jews, prosperous, rich, and self-satisfied, not only not protesting against this act of brute force, but supporting it munificently, justifying and glorifying it as an act of justice and heroism? . . .

"Is all this not too great a price to pay for a State? Is it not time for Israelis, and particularly for American Jews, to return to their normal selves after a hangover of more than twelve years and do something about bringing their moral house in order, without waiting for the Arab States, the United Nations, and the United States to do it for them?"

**H**ERE is what another distinguished Jew, Mr. James P. Warburg, recommends in order to right the wrong that has been done: "I suggest that the Arab refugees from Palestine—no matter whose fault it is that they became refugees—constitute an emergency more urgent than the situation of the Jews in Romania or the Soviet Union, regrettable though that situation may be. I suggest that, no matter how intransigently unreasonable the attitude of the Arab governments, the Jewish people are the last people in the world who can complacently countenance the prolongation of this moral atrocity; and that, rather than subsidize further forced-draft immigration into Israel, American Jews might more appropriately raise funds to assist the United Nations or Israel, or both, in finding a just solution to the problem of the Arab refugees from Palestine."

There can be no peace in the Near East until justice has been done the Arab refugees. We Americans, whether Christian or Jewish, can have no true peace of conscience until we have undone the wrong in which we collaborated. It won't be easy to accomplish this, but it is a task that cannot be left undone.

*Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.*



*Editorials in Pictures and Print*

## The Big Blasphemy

The big blasphemy abroad in the world today is the enthronement of man as ruler of the universe. Many men no longer consider themselves as subjects of a Creator or co-operators with a Creator. In their own minds they have dethroned God and now claim for themselves the right to make up the rules of life, to determine the destiny of the world.

We were reminded of this recently when Mr. Colin Clark was interviewed by THE SIGN (see page 30). This world-famous agriculturist, economist, and demographer, a father of nine children and a devout Catholic, called artificial birth prevention theories "sins against the Divine Majesty." He said, "When we try to restrict world population by artificial birth prevention methods, we are not only making an economic mistake—we are also blaspheming Divine Providence." We think Mr. Clark has put the finger on the sorest evil in the world today: blasphemy.

Blasphemy is contempt for the Lord of life—a contempt fused with varying degrees of ignorance, arrogance, and insolence. At times it speaks insultingly of the Creator, again it confronts Him with open defiance, sometimes simply ignores Him, again it challenges His right to rule. Today's blasphemy insists on usurping the divine sovereignty. The prophets of the Old Testament held all blasphemy in horror. The Law of Moses commanded the death penalty for public blasphemers. The Church considers blasphemy the most serious sin against religion. It is a sign of the spiritual decadence of contemporary public opinion that blasphemy is taken so lightly. "Irreverence," remarked Karl Adam, "is the greatest sin of the twentieth century."

**Sir Julian Huxley is one of the high priests for the big blasphemy.** Currently he is dictating a new religion for men of tomorrow. At the Darwinian Centennial, celebrated in Chicago last November, Sir Julian called for a new religion. Previously he had written an excellent introduction to the late Father Teilhard de Chardin's book, *The Phenomenon of Man*. In this introduction, Sir Julian appears to have been impressed with the fact that no amount of "complexification of matter" could, by itself, explain the mystery of mind. The reality of mind, he said, justifies our need for religion and our right to religious experience. But that's about as far as Sir Julian got in his ascent toward God.

Unlike the other world-famous scientist, Father Teilhard, who sweeps his readers upward to the beatific vision and life everlasting, Sir Julian falls back again into the swamp and asks his fellowmen to come down and join him. Man is just a product of evolution, he says. Religions are just products of evolution too, he claims. He imagines that this whole business about there being a personal Creator beyond the visible universe is a lot of nonsense. Lonely men invent such a father-figure, so they can take refuge in his arms. He then appeals for the Brave New World. We have got to cut out such religious nonsense—we must get down to work, draw up our own blueprint for the kind of universe we want; make our own decisions; list our own commandments of right and wrong, and develop our own sense of "the sacred." We have got to develop our own brand of twentieth-century religion, he says, and, without sheltering ourselves under the umbrella of any "divine authority," we have got to push on toward the conquest of the universe.

*A new scientific discovery that will bring marvelous benefits to mankind is instant grass.*

*A full crop of cattle feed needs only six days' growth. The grass grows in chemically-treated water in any kind of climate. No soil is needed. Harold Freehauf of Lakeville, Ind., feeds it to his cattle. Hydroponics, Inc., developers, envision growing the grass for animals on space stations. Birth-controllers take notice!*



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This kind of blasphemy is abroad throughout the world today. Bishop Sheen listed many forerunners of Sir Julian in his earlier books *God and Intelligence* and *Religion Without God*. We are not too surprised at the Huxley manifesto.

What does surprise us and cause dismay is the conduct of many ministers of religion who seem to think that God is "a thing." These men talk glibly of "values," of "destiny," of "religion." But when boiled down, their message amounts to an appeal for humanitarianism. Religion, for many of them, is merely the service of mankind. When they do speak of God, they do not exhort people to fall down in loving adoration before Him, or in deep, undying personal commitment to Him, or to embrace, no matter what the personal cost, His Holy Will as known through the Commandments and Divine Revelation. Rather, too often, they treat God as *a thing*, an ill-defined blob of limitless nuclear energy, to be tapped by ingenious men through concentration or "prayer" in order to receive an exhilarating experience of new power and vitality surging through your being, giving you serenity, strength, and health, toning up your nervous system and making you successful in business. Man is not made for God's glory, they say, but God is made for man.

God is made for man's glory. This is the big blasphemy today. And along with the atheistic Communists of the East and the atheist humanists of the West, too many ministers of religion have absorbed its poison and spread it from the pulpit to the pews. In listening to the "religion" of some people, it is always helpful to ask what they think of God.

## And Away We Go

Methodist Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam was asked what he thought would be the greatest change in the field of religion during the next decade. His answer is out of this world.

Bishop Oxnam foresees, as the most dramatic happening in the Sixties, an Interplanetary Conference on Religious Faith. Who will attend? Well, there will be religious representatives from "all the planets in the universe." This will not be a local solar system affair. It will not be restricted to delegates from the Milky Way Galaxy. No sirree. It will be composed of "the finest minds of all the planets in the universe." What kind of people will these delegates be? Well, they will be the finest minds—and they will be out there clinging to that planet merrily swinging through space and loving each other—and "seeking the truth in freedom."

The Bishop puts the accent on "seeking the truth in freedom." Apparently he takes a dim view of anyone who insists he has found the truth, for unwanted at this Interplanetary Conference will be anyone tainted with "fundamentalist dogmatism or papal infallibility." These broadminded delegates will be out there "sharing" and "loving each other" and "seeking the truth in freedom." It will be the first "universal" conference on religion, he said. And the sessions will be televised and the whole universe will come to know the universal truth that frees.

**Apparently the good Bishop identifies "universal truth" with the number of people, in all precincts, who hold an opinion. Apparently these interplanetary delegates are going to take some kind of poll and democratically decide what universal truth shall be.**

It does not occur to the Bishop that God could make His Divine Revelation just as easily here on earth; that He has spoken, for all time (and space) through the mouths of the prophets and through His Divine Son and that His Divine Son sent His Church into the world to "teach all nations."

Truth is reality—and reality is truth. In the field of science, the truth about nature, man is rapidly acquiring an



*King Baudoin of Belgium received a mixed ovation when he arrived in the Belgian Congo. Some Africans cheered him, but others shouted for independence and tear gas was needed to restore order. The ending of colonial rule draws nearer*



*John L. Lewis, the bluff emancipator who took miners out of company slavery, will retire after forty years at the Mine Worker's helm. A great man, though not always right*



Does this photo of French President de Gaulle, with his back to the other Western leaders, indicate his feeling toward them? The alliance is hurt by France's balking at unified air command

WIDE WORLD



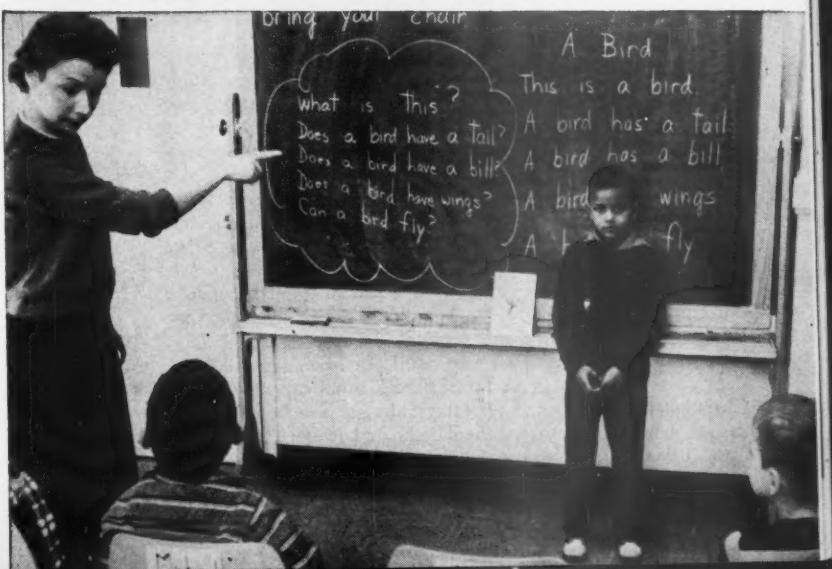
Alan Shepard Jr., one of the seven astronauts, tries out his space vehicle couch. The world would be richer if we were as concerned with bringing Christ to the millions as sending one man into space

WIDE WORLD



The President's daughter-in-law, Mrs. Barbara Eisenhower, registers shock as she sees the anguish of a Yugoslav refugee in Paris who cannot get the rest of her family released to freedom

GILLOON



A victim of aphasia, which impairs the use and understanding of spoken language, Alvin Herring prepares to recite at the Hearing and Speech Center, Washington, D.C. Progress in a strange malady

UPI

ever-increasing capital of scientific truth. When it comes to religion, man's task is to believe what God has already told us and to seek an ever-deepening insight into these unchanging Eternal Truths.

## I Was a Stranger

Now that the World Refugee Year is moving toward its close, Catholics should give serious thought to our obligations toward the refugee and the potential immigrant. Sympathy for the homeless should be natural to us. As Christians, we must love our neighbor and particularly the unfortunate. As descendants of immigrants, we have a special kinship with those who leave home and seek refuge in another land.

We should be especially sympathetic to refugees from Communism. Whether they be Tibetans now in India or Yugoslavs in Italy or Austria, their flight was a dramatic protest against tyranny and godlessness. To those who have lost everything, we should not begrudge the chance for a new and favorable start in life.

Nor should we ever forget the plight of the Arab refugees who were driven from Palestine. Time has not improved their lot. They are still among the most wretched of the children of men.

All these points were called to our attention late last year when the cardinals, archbishops, and bishops of the N.C.W.C. Administrative Board issued a statement on the problem. The principles outlined by the bishops should be studied again and again by thoughtful Catholics.

The bishops speak of the right of migration, whether this be for political or for economic reasons. They note that in some areas of the world, Asia for example, migration is impractical as a solution for the problem of population pressures. But they ask if we are doing our utmost to foster alternative methods of aid, such as distributing surplus foods and encouraging economic development.

**The Bishops' statement raises weighty questions about our own attitudes** toward immigrants. It notes that we favor "the cream of the crop," taking the most able citizens from other lands instead of those most in need. It also asks if we are approaching, correctly, problems of national security. While we have the right to exclude subversives and criminals, it is hardly kind to treat each applicant as a potential menace to our security.

On principle, the bishops protest against racist elements in our immigration laws. The Oriental is not completely excluded, but the fact that quotas are set at token levels, as well as other elements in the law regarding Oriental parentage, must be considered offensive to other races.

Christian charity should also affect our attitude toward the stranger who has come to our land. The need is particularly great in the case of the Puerto Ricans. Most of them find serious problems of differences in language and customs. If they are made to feel unwanted, their resentment understandably will take the form of unsocial behavior.

All these observations run counter to our instinctive desire to be left alone to the enjoyment of our affluent society. Unfortunately, the world rarely leaves the affluent to enjoy undisturbed possession of wealth and comfort. History is full of examples of societies that have crumbled because citizens turned inward to the pursuit of pleasure, neglecting the stern path of duty and service.

If we are brothers to all who need our help, regardless of their race or nation, then we can hold our head proudly as Christian leaders. But if we Christians are too busy to tend to our wounded brethren, then dedicated leaders, motivated by a different ideology, will win the world.

## VIEWS IN BRIEF

**Refugees.** The World Refugee Year continues into 1960. We may be reminded of its urgency by the recent words of Cardinal Godfrey: "Thousands upon thousands of God's children are now away from their native lands, driven from their homes by the ravages of war and unable to return to their homelands because of the situation now existing there. This harrowing state of affairs is in many cases the result of cruelty and oppression. The children of these unfortunate people who have been born in exile may never see their parents' native lands. We wish to help them, whatever be their race or faith."

**The Real Victory.** *The London Tablet* recently wrote of "the continuing assault on the imagination of Christians." "While Christians," it said in part, "hope and believe that they are making progress in converting the world, in fact the world is making at least equal progress in converting them. Some years back a wise American Presbyterian, very well disposed to the Catholics of his country, warned them not to take satisfaction in their statistical growth, asking them what it would really mean to be forty millions if at the same time they were becoming each decade less distinguishable from the rest of American society—reading the same literature, seeking the same excitements, their consciousness filled almost wholly with the same material and ephemeral contents." This assault upon our imaginations is particularly acute today—it is continuous and subtle and it is directed against us on all sides. We may well wonder whether we are influencing the world or the world is gradually influencing us; whether or no we are submitting our contacts with the world to a Christian conscience and a Christian taste; whether we are, in fact, the victors or the vanquished.

**The Church in the Orient.** Despite the twin pressures of Communism and nationalism, the Church in the Far East continues to make remarkable progress. An increase of 1.2 million in the past year has brought the total number of Catholics in the area to 33.6 million. This is admittedly a small figure compared to the one and a half billion people in the area. But the strength of the rising Church in the Orient is reflected in the development of native priests and bishops. In the past ten years, the number of native bishops has risen from 33 to 132. Gradually, the Oriental mind will come to see the Church as not at all foreign to Eastern culture. Communism, which fears and seeks to destroy the Church in China, has unwittingly helped to boost the conversion rate, according to Father Morgan J. Wittengl, a well-informed Maryknoll missionary in Hong Kong. Most of the converts in Hong Kong are refugees from Communism. The love and respect for the individual which the Church preaches is something eagerly sought after by the Chinese who lost all earthly possessions and were reduced to the status of mere animals or machines.

**Look Before Leaping.** As every red-blooded American male who is considered an eligible bachelor knows by now, this is Leap Year, a time when fetching maidens, with probably a dash of perfume and mascara, are permitted to ask the Very Important Question. The bewildered male will likely be flattered, but how will he know if he's in love? The marriage books are full of diverse answers, but here's a short-cut to the solution. Try looking at the sweet young thing when her hair is a mess of pincurls and she's wearing a shabby housedress. If your heart still pumps with ardor, it must be love.



# PLEASE MAY I BE A NUN

A nun who always believed in asking for what

she wanted tells how she came to ask this question

BY SISTER MARYANNA, O.P.



• The desire to become a sister had been in my mind since that Christmas morning on which I had made my First Holy Communion. Sometimes it got shoved to the back of a shelf or buried in a box marked "Not To Be Opened Until" or relegated to the attic in behalf of more glamorous pursuits. Yet, always I told myself, "After I have written the Great American Short Story or after I've been starred in a Broadway show or after I've seen the Colosseum by moonlight, I will become a nun."

My vocation, like most, was both ordinary and extraordinary. Ordinary, because no heavenly messenger tapped me on the shoulder, no audible voices relayed the call. I simply up and asked for a vocation. All my life I have operated on a simple principle: if you want something, ask for it, politely, of course, but firmly and confidently. At the age of four, I looked a susceptible uncle in the eye and remarked, "I'd like to have a dollar all my own." Back in those days of nickelodeons and free liver for the cat, that was a lot of money for a four-year-old. Over my mother's shocked protests, I got the dollar. She insisted on keeping it for

me, but that was all right, because, for the next two years, whenever I wanted a puppy, a teddy bear, or roller skates, I loftily directed, "Buy it with my dollar, please."

When I was being prepared for First Communion, I was assured that Jesus would give me whatever I asked for. With a little coaching from the sidelines, I requested two favors: my father's return to the faith and the grace to become a sister, if God wanted me. The extraordinary thing about God's condescension in the matter is that until eight weeks before I made those requests, I had neither seen a sister nor been inside a Catholic church since infancy. My mother, a Protestant, had died when I was six. For three years, I had lived with her brother's family, exemplary Lutherans. By some strange logic, the church we attended for those three years was the Methodist-Episcopal. My father, a triple-threat Catholic, felt that churches were fine for christening, marrying, and burying people but that at all other times it was preferable to attend Loew's Orpheum.

**W**HEN I was nine, I literally fell into the clutches of a zealous, little Irish lady, Teresa Anastasia Lydon, who regarded me as a brand snatched from the burning. I was about the tenth child whom she transplanted from the public to the parochial school. When I saw the sisters, I was frankly puzzled.

"Are they people?" I asked Miss Lydon. "Do they eat and sleep?"

Teresa Anastasia, who had already begun to instruct me for first Confession, assured me that they were the very best kind of people. Then she startled me by adding, "You can be a sister, too. Ask God, if He wants you, to help you to become a sister."

Apparently, God did. That Christmas, my father came to see me make my First Communion, and after that he went to church with me each Sunday, although he continued to feel that vaudeville offered superior entertainment.

Not so Miss Lydon, who took care of me for the next seven years. To her, all theaters were dens of the devil. So strongly did her opinion impress me that once, when my father insisted on taking me to a particularly good show on the eve of my Confirmation, I sat through the entire performance with my eyes tightly closed. Miss Lydon had two loves: her religion and the Irish Republic; so along with an intensive course in Christian Doctrine, she gave me a detailed account of the history of Ireland. At first, this was somewhat bewildering, as I had a tendency to confuse Saint Paul with Brian Boru and

the early Christian martyrs with the Irish patriots of Easter Week, 1916.

A strong wave of sympathy for the Irish Republican movement swept New York in the early twenties. Miss Lydon, an ardent *Sinn Feiner*, was a member of several chapters of the American Association for the Recognition of the Irish Republic, each named for an Irish Hero: Michael Mallon, Owen Roe O'Neill, Padraic Pearse, Charles Stewart Parnell, and many others. I was speedily initiated into the mysteries of these Gaelic groups, where I enjoyed the singing and dancing, but more than anything else, the speech-making. In parish halls and on street corners, I listened in fascination to men and women talking for hours of Home Rule, the boys on the run, and seven centuries of persecution of Dark Rosaleen.

My favorite outdoor meetings were those held at Columbus Circle on Saturday nights. There, from a flag-draped truck, speakers harangued the late theater-goers in the blaze of lights from Liggett's Drug Store. One night, as I was staring open-mouthed at my favorite speaker, a golden-voiced woman named Florence Gilmore, she came down from the truck and stopped beside me. I must have been about eleven, then.

"What are you going to be when you grow up, dear?" she asked, laying a hand on my shoulder.

"A speaker just like you, ma'am!" I gulped.

"Well, then, why wait till you grow up?" asked this amazing woman. "If I wrote you a little speech, do you think you could learn it by heart?"

"Oh, yes, Miss Gilmore, I'll learn it right off!" I promised.

The next Saturday night, she brought the speech, a very brief one written on a few sheets of paper in a large flowing hand. All week I practiced declaiming it in front of the bathroom mirror, but memory brings back only the opening sentence: "Mothers and fathers, sisters and brothers of America, I come to plead for the children of Ireland!"

I could scarcely wait for meeting night to come, and when it did, I fairly danced on the sidewalk in my impatience to mount the flag-draped truck. After two men had spoken, the chairman told the crowd that he had a

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special speaker that evening, a little girl who had sold Liberty Bonds would now address them on behalf of the children of Ireland. I remember that I wanted to tell the chairman that he must have me mixed up with someone else, as I'd never sold any bonds, but the next moment I was lifted up and perched on a soap-box on top of the truck, high above the heads of the crowd. I grasped the railing and looked down into a sea of faces; Miss Lydon, standing just below me, was looking up with an expression like that of St. Teresa of Avila having an ecstasy, in one of the stained glass windows in church.

**T**HE TIMING was perfect, as the Circle was now filled with a throng of theater-goers, who were stopped dead by the sight of a child addressing them. I took a deep breath and launched into my speech, which to me was disappointingly short, and I didn't forget a word. The crowd clapped and cheered, and I had the sensation of seeing the kingdoms of the world spread out at my feet. Never had the lights of Liggett's Drug Store looked so dazzling. As I was lifted down, Miss Gilmore hugged me and some man thrust a container labeled "For the Children of Ireland" into my hand and started me through the crowd. People were generous with dimes and quarters, and one heavily rouged young woman, with dangling, black earrings, pushed a wadded-up bill through the slot, patted me on the head, and said huskily, "Atta kid!"

Although there were thousands of Irish sympathizers in New York at the time, none of my classmates seemed to be among them, and I found their ignorance of the situation frustrating in the extreme. One day, harboring a dark suspicion, I wrote a note to my best friend in the room, one Mary Ryan: "Are your family?" I asked craftily, "Free Staters or Republicans?" I can still visualize Mary's terse and devastating answer in her angular handwriting: "We're Democrats."

Oddly enough, my teacher at this time was probably the only English-born nun in the Archdiocese of New York. She used to tell us about her childhood in England and read us letters from her brother in the Royal Navy. He always headed these by methodically noting the latitude and longitude of his ship and Sister would make us look these up on the map to find his position. This seemed a waste of time to most of us, since obviously he had sailed away from that spot long ago. I liked Sister personally, but of course, since she was English, she was the Enemy. When we studied the British Isles, she naturally waxed lyrical about England-in-the-

spring, while Ireland was blithely written off as "one of the possessions of Great Britain." Filled as I was with two years of listening to speeches on this subject, I one day rose to the occasion.

"That's not true, Sister," I told her, while the class gasped delightedly at such temerity. "For seven hundred years England has persecuted Dark Rosaleen, but—"

"That will do!" said Sister with some asperity, and after school that day there was some further, slight persecution of Dark Rosaleen's defender. But, according to Miss Lydon, who usually sided with the sisters, this incident proved that I was a real heroine like Fanny Parnell or the Countess Markievicz.

My father, the quiet type of Irishman, took my new interest in religion and politics with equanimity, although he did not approve of the noisier public demonstrations of the AARIR. The meeting which literally ended all meetings for me was that held in honor of the late Terence MacSwiney, Lord Mayor of Cork, who had recently died as a result of his hunger strike in protest against English tyranny. This Mass Meeting was held at the Earl Carroll Theater off Broadway. At first, I mistakenly thought that Earl Carroll must be another Irish patriot like Kevin Barry or O'Donovan Rossa. There were patriots aplenty, however, on the stage and in the audience. The speakers included Mrs. Terence MacSwiney, widow of the Lord Mayor, and the Countess Markievicz, in full military uniform including guns. Miss Lydon had come in the hope of seeing her great hero, Eamonn DeValera.

So many Irish sympathizers had turned out for the affair that there was an overflow of over a thousand blocking the street outside. Taxis honked and the police tried in vain to clear the street for traffic. The speakers came out on a flag-draped fire escape to address the overflow after they had spoken to the packed house.

DURING the speeches, the crowd was quiet, but in between times, they cheered and sang "The Shan Van Vocht" and "The Soldiers' Song." Someone got a dummy, and they hanged King George in effigy. That made the police really determined to break up the outdoor meeting. They mounted the running boards of commandeered autos and swung their night sticks, but the crowd simply parted to let them through and then closed solidly behind them. Most of the people were in a jovial mood, but a few hardy souls swatted the police as they passed or pulled them off the cars. Some patriots were arrested, and I remember praying

that we'd be arrested, too, because it would be a glorious thing to go to prison for Ireland, like the exiles in the "dreary Brixton Prison" that we sang about sometimes at the meetings.

One policeman finally turned in an alarm and summoned a fire truck. When it skidded to a stop at the corner, the policemen ordered the firemen to turn the hose on the crowd. As Miss Lydon dragged me away, I could hear one fireman telling him where he could go in the most beautiful brogue this side of Limerick.

The Gaelic phase of my childhood ended with that meeting, but one morning more than thirty years later, I relived for a little while those stirring days. As I stepped off a plane in the London Airport, I saw the screaming headlines "IRA STEALS BRITISH GUNS." English newspapers were filled for the next few days with indignant columns about the recent doings of the Irish Republicans and their American sympathizers; for a brief time, I walked again in the nostalgic and vehement world of Dark Rosaleen and the AARIR.

When I was sixteen, I went off to a

• Fools look for a pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow. Wise men find it at the foot of the Cross.  
—Oregon Jesuit

convent boarding school on the Hudson, but I never forgot Teresa Anastasia Lydon or her exciting religious and political instructions. Closer contact with the sisters brought back the thought of convent life, so I decided to do something about it without further delay. Shortly after my sixteenth birthday, I startled a visiting Mother General by asking very directly and without any preface, "Please, may I be a nun?"

Mother Stephanie, a wise and understanding woman, questioned me, patted my hand, and told me to finish my schooling and apply when I was eighteen. When I told my father about this interview, he grew more excited than I had ever before seen him. Ordinarily a quiet, soft-spoken man, he now became distressingly vocal, almost apoplectic. Among other things, he threatened to take me out of boarding school. Since I wanted to graduate with my class, I said nothing more about entering for the next two years.

There was never any doubt in my mind about the community of my choice. Although I had had sisters of three other congregations as my teachers for brief intervals and had come in contact with several other groups, it was the Sisters of St. Mary of the

Springs who recognized and nurtured my vocation by word and example. I admired their friendliness and understanding and was attracted equally by their spirit of prayer and penance and by the gay laughter that so often drifted across to us from "the convent side."

When I went back to the first parochial school I had attended to ask for my certificate of Confirmation, the sister in the office eyed me sharply.

"What convent are you entering?" she demanded. When I told her, she said, "How well you wouldn't come to us!"

"I wasn't called to you," I said, just as bluntly and somewhat thankfully.

"Ah, well," she remarked tartly, unable to resist a final dig, "that white habit gets a lot of girls."

Maybe it does, but until that moment I hadn't given the color of the habit a thought. I would have entered St. Mary's even if its daughters had worn Kelly green.

ON the day that I was eighteen, I applied for entrance to the Convent of St. Mary of the Springs in Columbus, Ohio. That summer, I took a job with the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, in order to earn some money for my trousseau. I didn't say anything more to dad about my plans until about a month before I was scheduled to enter, and then I picked the time and place very carefully.

We went to Sunday Mass together as usual, and I spent the entire time praying for courage. I remember reading over and over, as if it were a magic formula, a leaflet verse called "Now!" which started appropriately enough, "Rise for the day is passing."

On the way home from Mass, I blurted out my news on a busy street; I knew dad would never make a scene in public, and besides it was the Fourth of July and firecrackers were going off all around us. Even if he had started to roar, he would have been drowned out. The terrible part was that he didn't say a word. For two blocks we walked in absolute silence and I thought *He didn't hear me. I'll have to tell him all over again.*

Suddenly, my father said, "See that little dog over there?"

My heart sank as I thought *He's going to tell me that I have no more gratitude than . . .*

"It's a genuine beagle," said my father in a normal tone.

"Dad, did you hear what I said back there?" I asked finally.

"I did," my father replied quietly.

"Well—well, what about it?"

"If that's the Will of God for you," he answered calmly, "it's the grandest life you could lead."

**ONE RARE DAY**, when Stephen Unsino was absent from Russian class at Fordham University, a curious professor asked where his star pupil was. A back-of-the-room comic provoked student guffaws by replying, "In jail."

Actually, it was a compliment wrapped in jest. Young Unsino's devotion to learning Russian even extended to memorizing Russian poetry and muttering stanzas to himself while walking along the street, a sight which the class realized could easily bring on arrests by a suspicious policeman.

The latest chapter in Unsino's romance with Russian occurred last summer in Vienna at the Seventh World Youth Festival, where Unsino was a "Red" delegate. He was selected by the *New York Daily News* to pose as a "Red" delegate and tell the inside story of this Communist propaganda effort. The result was a widely ballyhooed series of newspaper articles titled *Diary of a "Red" Delegate*.

As the *Daily News* explained its choice, "Young Unsino is twenty-one. He was graduated from Fordham a year ago. He majored in Russian and won the University's highest award in that field."

This is the tenth academic year for Fordham's Institute of Contemporary Russian Studies, where Stephen Unsino, with almost a hundred others, came face-to-face with Russia—its language, literature, history, geography, education, and dialectical materialism. Under the direction of Father Walter C. Jaskievicz, a full-time faculty of five and a part-time faculty of thirteen conduct a comprehensive teaching program, which faithfully follows the Institute's founding statement of 1950:

"At all times, but in these critical hours particularly, we Americans should strive to keep and to extend the free world that is our heritage. To achieve

this free world for free men everywhere, it is not enough to know and love the peoples upon whom tyranny has lowered its yoke. We must even speak to them in their own tongue and must attempt to understand them when they speak to us."

Since Father Jaskievicz became director in 1952, the Institute's role has expanded to include a regular radio commentary on Russia over Fordham's WFUV station, a college-to-college exchange program with the only official Catholic university behind the Iron Curtain, and a comprehensive program of reporting on Soviet medicine.

Many an old Fordham alumnus, returning to the campus on Rose Hill in New York's Bronx and wandering unknown into the Institute, would run for the nearest exit. He would hear the drone of Radio Moscow, see the latest copies of *Pravda*, *Izvestia*, and scholarly journals, and would probably discover students translating articles from the Soviet press.

The heart of this "revolution" on Rose Hill is King-O'Neill Hall, a drab, renovated barracks-building behind the gymnasium, but considerably more than that in the Soviet version. A few years ago, the Soviet magazine *Ogonyok* (*The Little Light*) printed a cartoon entitled "A Temple of Learning," depicting a typical Fordham man as an ape-like creature armed with revolver and parachute. A black-robed professor is giving him jump instructions. According to the Soviet version, the Institute is a "breeding ground for spies and subversive agents" who are "suckled with knives, lock picks, and brass knuckles . . . and are prepared to be spies with diplomas and certified killers."

Father Jaskievicz answers: "If training young men and women in a thorough knowledge of Communist

philosophy and an understanding of the Slavic people and their languages is subversive, then I suppose we are."

Although the Institute knows of no spies it has turned out, its graduates are found in the State Department, the FBI, in colleges and high schools teaching Russian, and in special jobs requiring a knowledge of Russian. A recent graduate is working with a Philadelphia research laboratory concerned with Russian medical advances. Another represents an American company selling machines to Russia and demonstrates their operation in Moscow.

In addition to language study, crew-cut college boys lined up last fall for registration advice in choosing courses like Geography of the U.S.S.R., Economic Development of the U.S.S.R., Masterpieces of Russian Literature, Social Structures of the Soviet Union. Among the more advanced courses are Economics of Marx, Russian Revolution, Seminar in Dialectic Materialism, Russian Philosophers, and Marxism.

When it comes to knowing Russia before and after the Revolution, the Institute calls on a variety of backgrounds ranging from Helene Iswolsky, daughter of a former Czarist ambassador, to Professor Constantine G. Molodetsky, who was director of a Leningrad institute before escaping from Russia during World War II.

Professor Anthony Vasys describes himself as a "double DP," having fled from Russia to Lithuania after the Russian Revolution and from Lithuania to Germany after World War II. He arrived in the U.S. in 1950 with a mastery of German, Polish, Lithuanian, Russian, Ukrainian, and French, and one word of English—"O.K."

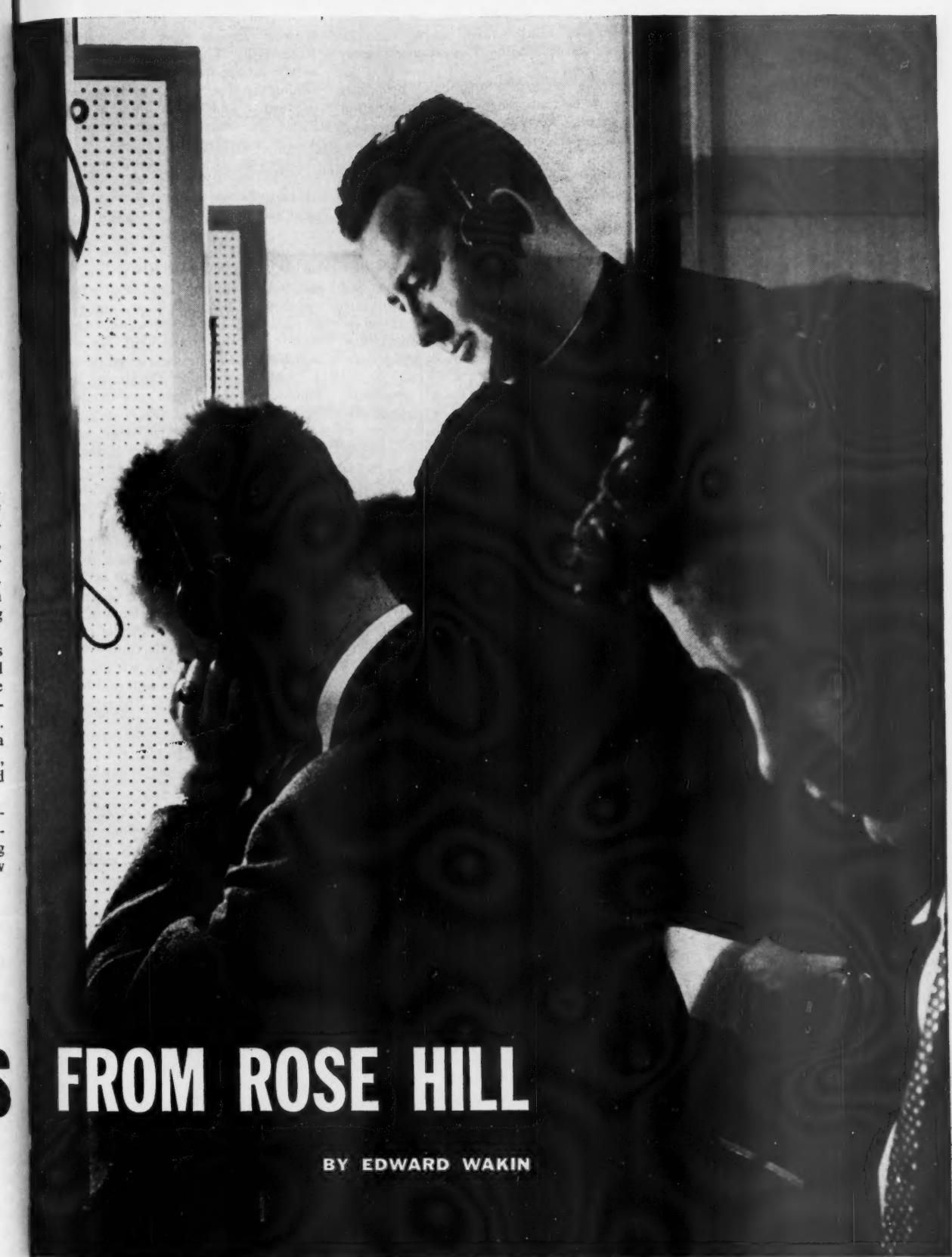
Interrupted in his office while reading Russian poetry, the gentle, white-haired professor told me that young people are best equipped to learn new



At Fordham, they believe that we must  
fight Communists with expert knowledge

## VIEWING THE REDS

*Left: Father Walter Jaskievicz, of Fordham's Institute of Russian Studies. Right: With students he listens to Moscow broadcast*



# FROM ROSE HILL

BY EDWARD WAKIN

languages, referring to his own struggle late in life with English. "Russian," he said, "is harder than French, but easier than German. When you ask the good students about the difficulties of Russian, they say it is easy."

With other members of the faculty, Professor Vasys is at work preparing a special Russian reader covering a wide range of subjects: history, geography, literature, culture. The book is designed for college juniors and seniors and for graduate students.

THE INSTITUTE's faculty members have had a remarkable record in predictions. George A. Taskin, who studied at Kharkov and lectures on geography, predicted Russia's agricultural reforms. Dr. Serge L. Levitsky predicted Sputnik and the sending of a dog into outer space via a satellite. The Institute's radio program over WFUV predicted Malenkov's downfall four days in advance and forecast de-Stalinization two years in advance. This past spring, Father Jaskievicz told a Boston lecture group that the Russian church would probably refuse to co-operate with the Ecumenical Council. His "strong doubts" were confirmed soon after in an official Soviet announcement.

Whereas the faculty roster mentions faraway places like the Moscow Institute of Engineering and Transportation, Father Jaskievicz is an American Jesuit success story, so full of achievement that he was appointed Institute director at the age of thirty-six. Born in Boston, the son of a Lithuanian immigrant, Father Jaskievicz decided at the age of twelve to become a priest and entered a Jesuit novitiate at eighteen. Besides his rigorous training as a Jesuit, he received a Ph.D. in Baltic and Slavic philology at the University of Pennsylvania and was awarded a Fulbright fellowship to study at the University of Paris. He came to Fordham after teaching modern languages for four years at Boston College.

Youthful and vigorous, Father Jaskievicz talks with the confidence of a scholar and the buoyancy of a young man from Boston. He teaches such solid fare as Slavic Civilization, History of the Russian Language, Old Russian Texts, and Old Church Slavic Texts, and he also analyzes the Soviet Union before lecture audiences and over the radio.

He minces no words in talking about current developments. A month before Khrushchev came to the U.S., he warned the visit could do "more harm than good" by making the captive nations fear that they can no longer depend on a United States which has

become too friendly with the Kremlin. He also thinks most people consider the battle with Communism only economic.

"The Institute's approach," he points out, "is that there is a fundamental antithesis between spiritual and material perfection." And he feels that the West must take care of its spiritual attitudes as well as solve such problems as delinquency and racial tension. Over the long pull, Father Jaskievicz is optimistic: "I give Communism 75 years."

At the moment, the many-sided Jesuit and his Institute are involved in two important projects, one a continuing survey of Soviet medical research and the other a college-to-college exchange with Poland's Lublin University (*The SIGN*, September 1959).

Fordham students rolled up their sleeves and joined in the exchange by conducting a book drive in the spring of 1958. The results, outside of a few Mickey Spillane thrillers, were shipped to the beleaguered Catholic university and provided an assortment of reading ranging from *Life* and *Newsweek* to scholarly books. This spring, the book drive switched entirely to periodicals and magazines; the next items on Father Jaskievicz' list are paperbacks and jazz records, the latter frequently requested.

The Institute's monthly publication on the latest in Soviet medicine probably will be the prelude to a vast information operation which will ultimately include reports on ideology, theology, economics, and politics. For the moment, it is more than enough to mention that the Institute's staff is scrutinizing eighty-nine Soviet medical publications, a dozen intensively, so that U.S. medical men can keep track of their Russian counterparts. Recent issues of the report have ranged from pharmacology, electron microscopy, reticular brain formations, and nutrition, to health problems in Azerbaijan.

To qualify as an Institute staff member, a professor must be strong in Russian, so he can scrutinize the medical articles quickly, strong in English, so he can translate with facility, and strong on current medical know-how, so he can select meaningful material. The result is the monthly report identified on the cover by the Institute's initials, I.C.R.S., and providing summaries of Russian articles "as a service to the medical profession and to medical research in the United States."

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A staff member of the New York World Telegram and Sun, EDWARD WAKIN has written for several national publications.

A year after the Institute opened, a Russian Center was inaugurated on Rose Hill. This independent campus neighbor concentrates on religious studies and activities, using a nucleus of Jesuits and maintaining a Slavonic Byzantine chapel, reading room, and public bookstore.

Last fall, as college students trudged back to the Rose Hill campus, sometimes identified with the Seven Blocks of Granite (football) and a seismograph (earthquakes), the Russian Institute was hidden by a new student-faculty lounge as well as the gymnasium. The new building is worth mentioning because it was in faculty lounges that Jesuit after-dinner conversations laid the groundwork for a Russian Institute. The idea caught on with the college dean at the time, Father Thurston Noble Davis, and from here the trail leads from a Jesuit anthropologist and a former Air Force man to Father Jaskievicz. Father Franklin J. Ewing, famous for his anthropology and also for his ability to get things done, was asked to work out a plan for Russian studies.

Father Ewing contacted a Fordham graduate who taught himself Russian during the war while in Brazil with the Air Corps, and was on the faculty of Yale University's Russian Center. Dr. Richard T. Burgi took on the administrative task of collecting a faculty which included a priest whose father was a Russian prince as well as a former curator of the Tolstoi Museum in Moscow.

**I**N SEPTEMBER, 1950, when the Institute began under his direction, thirty college students, four graduate students, and twenty persons from the adult education division were enrolled. Father Ewing kept it going the next year before turning over the directorship to Father Jaskievicz. Word of this "Revolution on Rose Hill" has, of course, reached more than Russian ears. Praise has come from many U.S. publications. In a cross-country pat on the back, the *Denver Post* managed to sum up the significance of Fordham's Russian Institute:

"Quite literally the basis of the Fordham studies is to be found in the scriptural statement that 'ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.' The truth about Communism is the best safeguard against being deluded about it. The Fordham Communism majors will go out from there knowing all there is to know about the false doctrine according to Moscow, and exceptionally qualified, therefore, to fight it with the sword of their expert knowledge."

"Who's going to take care of the kids? How can Kay ever bring them up alone?" This was Charles Flanagan's anguished cry when he learned that he would soon die of cancer. It was made to his brother, Father M. Raymond, a Trappist priest who added to his gallery of books the moving story of Flanagan's courage in meeting death, *This Is Your Tomorrow . . . And Today* (which has headed The Sign's Survey of Best-Selling Books for the past six months). Flanagan died June 23, 1958, at forty-seven, leaving his wife and five daughters and two sons, now aged eighteen to four. Kay Flanagan answers her husband's question by double duty and faithful reliance on Father Raymond's counsel: "They're God's children."

# WITHOUT A FATHER



A widow with seven children, Kay Flanagan stoically faces confusing responsibilities her husband worried about before death. Below, she and Christy at grave of Charles Flanagan



**"WITH NO ONE  
TO TALK OVER  
PROBLEMS WITH, IT  
IS HARD TO KNOW  
IF I ALWAYS  
MAKE THE RIGHT  
DECISIONS"**

The mortgage on Kay Flanagan's two-bedroom home at Osterville, Mass., has twenty-one more years to run, her monthly income is \$310, and most of her children face many more years of schooling. Finances form a dark cloud over her head. Yet money is not her biggest worry. The task of filling the role of both parents—of balancing fatherly wisdom and motherly solicitude within herself—is her major concern. "I want my children to be brought up as good Catholics," she says. "I have to enforce the discipline I think is necessary and this is very difficult without the strong support of a father." Kay allows herself an interest in church societies but otherwise devotes herself to home. She doesn't want to get a job until the children are older.



*"Mother-and-son" talks don't have authority of "father-and-son" discussions, but Kay tries to give Charlie, 14, the eldest boy, the help he needs to mature*



*Keeping the house in repair involves many tasks that are strangers to the "woman's touch"*



*Mary's home-style haircut saves family money, but is one more job added to her mother's hectic day*



*Kay tries to separate Charlie and Kevin who are getting too big for rough-housing indoors*



*The three youngest children say their night prayers. Their religious development is Kay's constant goal*



*Walking among the sand dunes near their home at Cape Cod is one of the few recreations the Flanagan family can afford. Though busy, Kay has to find the time for such family outings*

*Kathy, 17, helps her mother by bathing Christy and Mary. The younger children are less aware of the many differences in family living when the father's unifying strength is not available*



*Kathy and Maureen (before Maureen's marriage) in a neighborhood grocery store. All the Flanagan children realize they can't have many material possessions and accept this gracefully*



*Next page: At the end of the day, Kay has only a few moments to relax. It is the quiet time, of course, that is the most painful as memories of her husband run through her mind*

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE SIGN BY ED LETTAU

"WHEN YOU ARE A WIDOW, YOU  
LEARN NEVER TO PLAN TOO FAR  
AHEAD BUT  
TAKE EACH DAY  
AS IT COMES"

Kay Flanagan's difficulties of double parenthood are compounded by the different challenge each child presents to her. Maureen, the eldest, married a few months ago. Kathy, 17, is a high school senior and works weekends in a groceteria, which cuts down on the time she has to help at home. After his father died, so many people told Charlie, 14, that he was now the "man of the house" that he began to believe it, and Kay has had to persuade him that he is not yet ready to be on his own. Kevin, 11, who tends to be shy, needs encouragement. Patty, 8, feels the loss of her father more keenly than the two youngest girls, Mary, 7, and Christy, 4, who respond more naturally to the fact that their mother is the single boss in the home. "I am confused much of the time," says Kay. "But I know that prayer will pull us through."



# THE POPULATION BLESSING

Colin Clark



As an authority on population, Mr. Clark, are you concerned about the population "problem" in the world today?

Yes. There is a world population problem. But I think that it is being greatly exaggerated, especially when it comes to those dismal forecasts about the future.

The rapidity of the growth rate of population has provoked cries of alarm from many quarters. Some scientists and even some religious leaders are sounding notes of grave warning about the limitation of the earth's resources and appealing to people to cut down the increase in the population.

Much of this talk seems to border on hysteria.

You aren't worried, then?

I am concerned about it; yet, I am glad that the problem exists.

Why?

Because the solution of the problem will make it necessary for growing populations to improve their economies and give richer opportunities for the development of a fuller life. History shows that population growth has been a major stimulus to human progress in the field of industry, technology, agriculture, immigration, exploration, political maturity, and general culture. Human nature tends to be conservative. It doesn't like to move unless it's pushed. As they say, necessity is the mother of invention.

Before you elaborate, could you explain what a demographer does?

Demography is a descriptive science based on both analysis and synthesis. It deals with the area of "vital statistics": birth, life, and death; population growth and decline; and the capacity of a given area of earth to sustain the lives of a given number of people. In reaching his conclusions, the demographer must necessarily use mathematical methods of analysis; call on the results of scientific research in the various fields of chemistry, biology, and medicine; economics, agriculture, and technology;

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and must be familiar with migratory movements as well as political and cultural factors. Obviously, the conclusions of a demographer often lack the certitudes of strict sciences such as mathematics, metaphysics, and theology.

**Why should a demographer have a knowledge of medicine?**

I think the answer to that is clear to anyone who carefully reads such a book as Josue De Castro's *The Geography of Hunger*. Hunger is a physiological subject. De Castro tries to establish the peculiar thesis that a population which has a diet low in animal protein will thereby become more reproductive because of increased fertility. He concludes from this that underdeveloped and undernourished countries will breed larger families than economically well-off countries. I am always wary of such oversimple theories. De Castro needs more knowledge of medicine and of history.

**What are the results of your own research?**

I have found no evidence whatsoever to support the assertion that natural human fertility rises with undernourishment. If not impeded, the probability of conception in fertile human couples appears to average 0.1 per cent per menstrual cycle. The proportion of infertility rises rapidly from age twenty-five onward. Infertility at any given age appears greater among colored than among white races.

The probability of conception, all factors considered, implies the birth of a child for every two-and-a-half years of married life, if conception is not impeded. Assuming infertility begins, on the average, twenty years after marriage, we would expect eight children from such marriages. This rate is found among those few Irish women who, young themselves, marry young husbands. Six or seven children are found among primitive nomadic marriages and among peasant populations in Asia and Latin America. Considerably lower figures are found in Africa, where the percentage of infertility is unaccountably high. The highest total fertility ever recorded was ten children among the early French-Canadian settlers. Evidence from India indicates that consummation

of marriage below the age of seventeen tends, in the long run, to reduce rather than to increase total fertility.

**Whatever the reasons, human fertility appears to be considerably on the increase today.**

But that is not because fertility itself has increased—rather, conditions favorable to population growth have developed. The present world average rate of population increase is  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per cent per annum as against 1 per cent in the nineteenth century. From approximate figures of world population, we deduce only 0.05 per cent per annum increase between the first and seventeenth centuries. From the beginning of the human race to the beginning of the Christian era, we deduce 0.005 per cent per annum.

In a settled, peasant community today, population increases at the rate of about  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent per annum, but only so long as there are no widespread epidemics and public peace and order are preserved. For thousands of years, India and China were slowly building up populations and then losing most of them again in recurring periods of war and disorder. In Europe, where "total fertility" may have been reduced to five children by the custom of later marriage, population growth proved to be slow. In France, which, like the rest of Europe, suffered from the Black Death and then later suffered greatly from the Hundred Years' War, the population level of the fourteenth century was not regained until the eighteenth. Egypt and many other regions in the Middle East had less population in the nineteenth century than they had in the century before Christ.

Sustained growth of population at the rate of 1 per cent per annum or more, which began in the British Isles and in Scandinavia with the improvement of medical knowledge in the late eighteenth century, began in China only when peace under the Manchu Dynasty was established in the seventeenth century. The 1 per cent rate began in India with the establishment of the British Empire. This 1 per cent increase did not begin in Latin America until the nineteenth century—and in Africa not until the present century.





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There is an important difference between a people's fertility and growth of population. Today, immunization to disease, vaccination, sulfa drugs, and other medical remedies, increased knowledge of hygiene, control of disease by DDT and other chemicals, control of famines and floods—all these factors have combined to lengthen life and to allow a greater growth rate of population.

In a recent article in *Atlantic Monthly*, Frank W. Notestein, president of the Population Council, declared that "we teeter on the brink of self-destruction by allowing population growth to outstrip economic advance." Do you agree?

I've known Professor Notestein very well and I like him very much. But his knowledge of agriculture is very limited. Most demographers know little about economics.

#### You don't think, then, that population growth is outstripping economic advance?

I know of very few areas in the world where this is so. There are rare and abnormal exceptions, as in Burma and Indonesia, where political instability and wars have upset all normal conditions of life, and where (although we do not accurately know) population growth probably stopped while the period of disorder prevailed.

#### How, then, do you account for the fact that two-thirds of the world suffers from hunger and undernourishment?

That is not a fact. I know that it is frequently quoted. It's been around the world so often that everyone believes it. The Food Research Institute of Stanford University did an interesting bit of intellectual detective work to check up on it. They traced it back to the Food and Agriculture Organization, which quoted Lord Boyd-Orr, Chancellor of the University of Glasgow. I've known him for a long time. He is rather rash in his judgments. His high figure about two-thirds of the human race suffering from hunger and undernourishment is nothing more than an error which resulted when he inadvertently mixed up two columns of his statistical tables.

#### Is the figure greatly exaggerated?

Certainly. In the sense of an actual shortage of calories, I would say that there is no part of the world that is constantly hungry. You do get intermittent local calorie shortages in many parts of Asia. It is only fair to say, of course, that a large part of the world is on a very dull diet—mainly of cereals. But, with regard to the necessity of having animal proteins, present-day physiologists have done some careful testing in this matter. They tested many people whose predilections or religion compel a strictly vegetarian diet. From the results it appears that animal proteins, though tastier, are not physiologically necessary.

#### How about agricultural produce in Africa?

Agriculture there generally is very primitive but it provides enough calories and is rapidly improving.

#### How about the meat supply in Africa?

Meat is not nearly so plentiful. Most is obtained from wild game. Breeding of domestic animals is just beginning.

#### And Japan?

Starting from a very low level and with an illiterate population, by great industry and organization the Japanese have all the time managed to raise their food production faster than their population.

#### Could you name some instances of countries pushing ahead as the result of a population "problem"?

Take the U.S. Some few centuries ago the Indians found themselves with a serious population problem. Population had risen to half a million and the land now constituting the U.S. and Canada just would not suffice to support them all by hunting and fishing. Their necessity led them to discover the use of maize. Knowledge of corn-growing spread northward from Mexico. From their primitive methods of agriculture gradually developed much more effective methods to sustain a much greater number of people.

The same thing happened in Europe at a much earlier date. From the hunting and fishing stage to primitive agriculture, thence to scientific agriculture, and from there to the Industrial Revolution, we have proceeded to attain the age of technology.

When a country finds its population outstripping its agricultural resources, it soon begins to develop industry and commerce. The first well-known example of that was with the ancient Greeks in the seventh century B.C. They complained about their inadequate land. They were intelligent and enterprising. I don't want to sound deterministic, but their very necessities helped goad them on to creating one of the world's finest civilizations. It was a commercial and emigrating civilization. It subsequently produced one of the world's greatest cultures.

In Europe, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the Dutch found their growing population pressing on their agricultural resources. They became more industrious—and venturesome; they founded New York—and became great manufacturers and traders.

#### And in England where Malthus lived?

Malthus lived in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. As do so many modern demographers, with far too little data for adequate judgment Malthus pessimistically concluded that the population tends to multiply faster than its means of subsistence. He appealed for a checking of the population by prudential restraint. (But he would have opposed use of mechanical devices for contraceptives.) As a matter of fact, in the England of his day, the population was beginning to press quite heavily on agricultural resources. Fortunately, our British ancestors did not listen to Malthus. If they had, Britain would have remained a simple, eighteenth-century-style agrarian country; the U.S. and Australia would not have been populated; or Britain today might be half populated by Spaniards. British industry would never have developed; and Europe and America, which learned their original industrial techniques from Britain, would not be what they are today.

#### You think the present population pressures in India will ultimately work to the benefit of that nation?

Yes, certainly. This reminds me of what Gandhi said to me once when I had an interview with him in India shortly before he died. He said, "Nehru is making a great mistake in trying to make food cheap—and to make it easier for the Indians. On the whole they are an idle lot and they won't do any work unless you put them under pressure." Gandhi knew his own country.

#### Is the population question providential in India?

I think that population growth is God's instrument in bringing about change. When we try to restrict it artificially, we are not only committing an economic mistake, but we are blaspheming against Divine Providence. With respect to India, I have no doubt that its population problems will

be worked out in half a century or so. India will be a powerful country and a great influence in the world.

**What is your answer to those who say we must use artificial birth prevention methods to save ourselves from self-destruction?**

When I attended the World Population Conference in 1954, Professor Sauvy, leader of the French delegation, declared, unanswerably, "If population limitation were the key to economic progress, then France should be the wealthiest country in the world by now." France had followed the advice of Malthus. France had seemed to be on the point of dominating the world in 1798. In the 1800's Onanism and divorce became fashionable. The size of the French family began to decline early in the nineteenth century. Since then, her influence in the world has steadily declined. The recurring inflations which France has suffered are economic consequences of the excessive burden of pensions and other overhead costs which an aging country has to carry. Fortunately, today the trend in France has been reversed—as also in the U.S. Yet there continue to be many prominent leaders among Western nations who are clamoring for restriction on other populations throughout the world. At the World Population Conference, American and British spokesmen were loudest in their appeals for limiting population growth. Secretly, Asian and African leaders laughed at them—or rather they sneered at them.

**Does Nehru have this attitude?**

Nehru uses double talk. For Western consumption he discusses artificial birth limitation sympathetically. But his attitude toward the national population is different when he is confronted with the true traditions of India. Chinese leaders likewise pretend to show themselves responsive to Western suggestions for prevention of birth.

**But China does seem to have a bursting population?**

It has a large population. However, I think the 600 million figure is considerably exaggerated. It is difficult to get statistics. When local officials take up a census, they seem to think that it is their patriotic duty to make the figures as high as possible. I think that China's population is not much over 500 million and that their population increase is less than 2 per cent per annum.

**But doesn't this high population create a tremendous subsistence problem for China?**

Certainly. But her big problem is not an unanswerable one. Some simple figures will illustrate what I mean. Off an acre of land, the Indian rice grower gets half a ton of rice. The Japanese gets nearly four times as much. The Italians, the best rice growers in the world, get nearly five times as much as the Indians. China has still to be educated.

**With far less land than China, Japan seems to have been keeping ahead of its population problem.**

Yes. Since the 1890's, Japanese food production has been increasing faster than its population. Quite apart from any food which the Japanese can buy from abroad, each succeeding generation of Japanese has been eating better and they are now reported by Japanese doctors to be increasing rapidly in height and weight. Japanese are a much better fed people today than they were seventy years ago.

This increase in the productivity of agriculture brought about by scientific methods, particularly the use of fertilizers and scientific plant breeding, is a forecast of what will eventually be done in other Asian countries.

**Is emigration necessary for India?**

The solution for India's problem will be greater industrialization and economic development. Under population pressure, these have begun. Such development is perfectly feasible in the case of the Indians. But people have to be taught to make the necessary effort.

**Would you care to make an estimate of the number of people that could subsist on this planet in a comfortable state of existence?**

Well, without conjecturing about synthetic food and the use of food grown in the sea, and confining my calculations merely to present means of production and available resources, I would estimate that the earth could support a population of at least 28 billion people (nine times the present population). This figure is based on an American style of dietary consumption and the Dutch manner of agricultural production—each representing the highest standard available.

If, however, we base our calculations on a less varied diet similar to that of the Japanese, who rely on fish protein rather than meat protein, then I would place the potential subsisting population of the world at 95 billion. This figure would also use Japanese methods of productivity as a standard.

**You are, then, optimistic for the future?**

If you mean that mankind will never again be overtaken by any great disaster, I am not optimistic in that sense. Disasters may come. However, I am optimistic in my firm belief in an Almighty Providence who has created the earth for mankind and commanded him to increase and multiply for some tremendously important and eternal purpose which extends far beyond the horizons of this planet.

Moreover, Christians are aware of the fact that one day God is going to bring this world to an end. For all I know, that may be a thousand or hundreds of thousands of years hence. Man may be destined to populate the universe. At present, this is God's secret. God knows what He is doing, and I think it ill behooves certain statesmen of today to be making detailed plans for many centuries ahead. The course of history changes.

**Do you feel that advocates of artificial birth prevention are offering any constructive advice for solving population problems?**

On the contrary, I think that following such advice brings decay to a people. Divorce and family decline are accelerated by artificial birth prevention methods.

**Japan is legally recognizing over one million abortions a year. Their program of contraceptives, abortion, and sterilization has been in effect over ten years. Do you think this is destroying Japanese civilization?**

"The mills of God grind slowly but they grind exceeding fine."

**Have you ever found any conflict between your work as a scientist and your Catholic Faith?**

None whatsoever. Artificial birth prevention theories are sins against God's majesty. I am very sorry that so many Christians are being deceived by such ideas. It is worship of humanity rather than worship of God. It seems to be a turning inward of man on himself that will end in self-destruction. Going along with God's laws would be much more creative for the benefit of the human race.

BY JOHN J. CASSERLY

# COME BACK TO CALABRIA

THE MANDOLINS sing of coming back to Sorrento and its beautiful bay. They don't sing about Calabria, but come back anyway and see some sights that you won't forget. Calabria is south, as far as you can go on the Italian peninsula. The lowest part of Italy's "boot," it is included in what the Italians call the *Mezzogiorno*, which literally means "noonday" but is another word for the South.

Since the political unification of Italy in 1861, people have described the South in one word—poor. But Italians wanted one nation—strong, united, on the road to progress. Men said there could be no true nationhood until Italy found a new tomorrow for the misery of the *Mezzogiorno*. There have been vast plans for improvement. In 1950, the Italian Government created the *Cassa del Mezzogiorno* or "Southern Relief Fund." Millions of dollars were spent in all types of works, including an enormous land reform program. Things looked brighter in Calabria, in all of the South.

An American saw that beginning. His name is Msgr. Edward C. Swanstrom, executive director of Catholic Relief Services-National Catholic Welfare Council. Recently, he returned to some of the towns in Calabria and in other parts of Southern Italy for a firsthand look at the situation. I accompanied him as he toured fifteen towns for a personal report on the aid which Catholics in the United States have given to Italy. Entire towns came out to meet Msgr. Swanstrom and his party. There were flags, speeches, and cheers. It was happy and it was sad.

I thought of Calabria's long, sad history, going back to before the birth of Christ. It has always lived in squalor, more or less. Much of the area and, in fact, most of the South, is mountainous. Centuries of deforestation have had ruinous results. Water has always been scarce. Heat and drought prevent summer crops. Few animals can be stabled. Normally dried-up mountain streams burst into torrents at annual periods. They carry away entire mountainsides, sweep topsoil into the sea, and flood arable lands. Some areas have had catastrophic earthquakes, and many regions are still subject to earth tremors. Even until a decade ago, the flatlands of the *Mezzogiorno* were as malarial as the swamps of the Upper Nile.

At the end of World War II, southern Italy was not on its knees as in the more prosperous North. It was flat on its back. Many men, women, and children starved to death. Others were ill because of lack of even modest clothing. Some died in their beds for want of medicine. The situation was beyond the imagination of anyone who did not actually witness it. To the heartfelt thanks of millions in the South, Catholics in America came to their aid during desperate months and even years.

There was, however, a political and social upheaval in all of the South. Communism promised a Worker's Paradise. Tens of thousands joined the party in protest against the torment of their lives and the inability of the Italian Government to offer them even the most moderate standard of living. Thousands had met American troops and talked of life in the United States, of meat on the table, of women who could afford two and even four dresses a year, and, above all, of work! The voice of the South rose in rebellious words and slogans. Work for the masses!

More aid from American Catholics poured in, and the Italian Government worked furiously to combat a desperate drive to power by the Reds. In 1950, hope dawned. The government established the *Cassa del Mezzogiorno*—a gigantic plan to alleviate the drastic poverty in the South. There were plans for dam construction, flood-water control, systematic irrigation, land drainage and reclamation, hydro-electric development, erosion control, reforestation on a huge scale, thousands of kilometers of new roads, railway development, bridge construction, and even sea-going steamer service. All this was highlighted by an enormous land reform program, slicing up feudal estates and distributing the soil to peasant farmers. Small-holders' homes were built, tractors distributed to co-operatives, and more modern farming methods taught by government-paid teachers. Northern industry was invited to invest in the South by tax inducements, easy-term loans and other advantages. Southern hopes soared to new heights.

For more than eight years, the South has toiled. Five-sixths of the work has been entirely or partly realized. It has meant more than 160 million man days in southern labor. A few examples: some 700 towns and villages now have water piped to them for the first time in their history,

*A mother of Southern Italy reflects the harsh poverty of her life*



JACQUES LOWE

there are 15,000 kilometers of new or reconstructed roads; hydro-electric plants have trebled electricity output; 42 chemical and 95 cement works; countless new farming methods, homes, schools.

Despite this vast undertaking the majority of southerners continue to live in conditions of appalling squalor, in an atmosphere of severe unemployment, illiteracy, and general misery. This is an incredible statement in view of such stated improvements. It is, nevertheless, quite true. Come to Calabria today—to the little fishing town of Cariati on the sea at the foot of the Italian boot. I have just been to Cariati and a man said to me:

"I was better off as a prisoner of war of the Americans."

The population of the town and surrounding area is six thousand. Families range from four to a dozen children. Most of the town folk are fishermen and the others are farmers. Most of the children have no shoes. Almost all were dressed in rags. One woman told me she had worn the same dress every day for two years. Many men and women were barefoot. A fisherman said that his average daily earning was about 50 cents, many days going without a catch because of rough sea weather. What did his wife and seven children do when there were several continuous days of bad weather: "We ate bread." No light in their one-room house. No running water. No toilet. No windows although they were cut in the house, for glass was too expensive.

Another fisherman said he had not seen his wife in two-and-a-half years. She was in London as a housemaid. The oldest son watched the younger children. His wife sent him the equivalent of \$48 a month to care for the family. He made less than his wife each month—about \$15. Other wives, he explained, had gone to London, to various parts of France; some husbands went to both countries as well as to Germany during the summer for seasonal employment in the fields. There was also a burning moral question in their minds. Mother and father slept in the same room with their children. The children learned too much of life too early.

Up to the region of Puglia to another fisherman's town, Molfetta. The population is sixty thousand. A fisherman told me that he could not meet his family's rent of eight dollars a month. The same man announced publicly before the local mayor, visiting monsignors, and the local populace that his average daily wage was thirty-two cents. His statement went unchallenged. Some fishermen reported that they took larger boats and sailed all the way to Casablanca or the shores of Israel to fish. Anywhere for a bigger catch, for bread, for hope. The mayor took pride in announcing that six thousand persons from Molfetta and its area had emigrated over the years to Hoboken, N.J., and its vicinity. He wished them well. The crowd cheered.

From a personal point of view, I'll not easily forget a little farming town called Isola Capo di Rizzuto. Population: nine thousand. The bishop of Crotone, the nearby diocese, told this story:

"One day, I was visiting the town. A man and his wife invited me into their home. They were farmers, kind and simple folk. We talked about some of their problems—work, food, school for their children. I was about to leave when the signora asked whether there was anything they might offer me. Actually, I was thirsty because it was a very warm day and asked if I might have a glass of water. The woman looked at me for a moment and then said very quietly: 'I am sorry, Your Excellency, that is one

thing I cannot offer you.' The family had no water in their home."

For almost an hour, we talked near the Catholic Social Center where workers do their best to aid the people with food, clothes, and any assistance that might come from American Catholics. The people shouted out that there was not a single Communist in the town. I later learned that, despite the great poverty, their statements were correct.

A brief side-trip to another little town in Calabria. Name: San Severina. Population: 3,500. The town is situated on an outcrop of sheer rock almost one thousand feet above sea level. It was once a Byzantine and Norman fortress. John of Salisbury wrote that the inhabitants helped him translate difficult passages of Aristotle. Children go to school in animal stalls. Water runs in some houses for only three hours a day. Baths are taken in a nearby stream. Most of the people are in debt. All are farmers, earning about fifty cents a day. They eat meat once every two or three months.

A MAN SAID grimly from the crowd: "We, for one, would welcome the atomic bomb." No one argued his curt cry. The filth in the town was incredible; living conditions almost intolerable. The poverty was raw. Some had turned to Communism. Men left their families for six months of seasonal farm labor in Sardinia and up North. Others sought factory jobs in Milan and Turin. Young girls fled to Rome, Naples, and other big cities in search of work as housemaids—anything to escape a future on the farm.

Calabria and much of southern Italy has just had its worst crop season in twenty-five years. This was confirmed in numerous conversations with farmers. Continued rainstorms ruined thousand of acres of grain and other plantings, washing away not only a possible harvest but precious top-soil as well as arable sectors of land. What are the people going to do? The answer which I most heard was in one word: starve. The people seem to be without hope.

In Mileto, about half the local population of ten thousand are presently underfed. As yet, the Italian Government has taken no steps to intervene in the situation. At Andria in the Puglia region, one-half of the area's working force has little or no work. I watched in the local piazza where men were being hired for sixty-five cents with a workday of eleven hours. Women shouted at me that the town was presently about one-third Communist but would vote two-thirds Communist in the next elections.

The Catholic Relief Services—NCWC, is making heroic efforts to meet some of the grave needs of southern Italy. However, it probably never will be able to assist all the hundreds of thousands who still live on the brink of hunger.

But this American charity will continue and, if this report is meant to serve a purpose, it certainly is meant as a sincere thank-you to Catholics in the United States who have contributed to help these poor souls in Italy's Deep South.

In the town of Andria, this sign was posted on a rising structure, written in Italian:

"America! In these walls, there are stones of yours; and in our families there's a smile for you. Hurrah for America!"

The last words, "Hurrah for America," were posted in English.

The southern Italian will tell you, Mr. America: "Thank God for your country. For your bounty. For the very land on which you walk. You're a lucky fellow. You don't know how lucky you really are."

For Calabria and the south of Italy, there is only tomorrow, tomorrow, and tomorrow . . .

JOHN J. CASSERLY, a widely traveled journalist, is Rome correspondent for the Hearst Headline News Service.



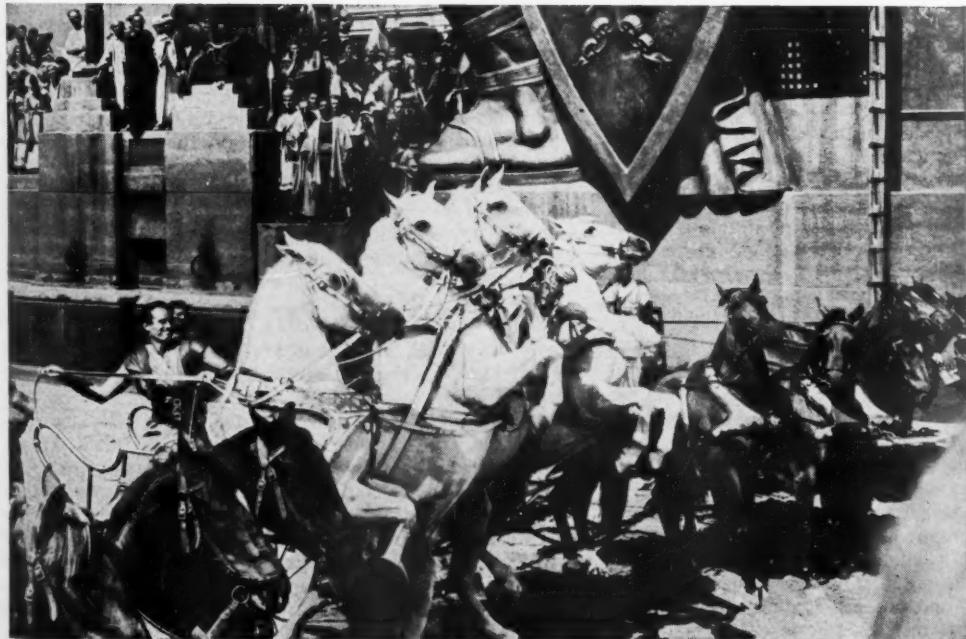
*Audrey Hepburn  
as Sister Luke in  
"The Nun's Story,"  
beautiful and  
absorbing film  
based on the  
controversial  
Kathryn Hulme  
story of a nun  
tortured by  
doubts concerning  
her vocation*



## Stage and Screen

The Sign Drama Editor selects two impressive screen offerings as the Best of 1959

BY JERRY COTTER



*Charlton Heston,  
playing the title  
role in "Ben-Hur,"  
drives four  
white steeds in  
the epic chariot  
race, thrilling  
climax of the  
inspirational film  
version of  
Lew Wallace's  
classic novel*

### The Best of '59

The motion picture industry is entering a period of crisis and controversy which may well surpass any stormy cycles it has previously encountered. In assessing the releases of 1959, it is important to consider that the industry is now engaged in a desperate campaign to woo an audience surfeited with the novelty and mediocrity of television.

In such an uneasy atmosphere, it is heartening to see that the moviemakers are capable of creating some truly fine motion pictures. While the mass of the '59 releases were undistinguished, at least two productions—*Ben Hur* and *The Nun's Story*—were impressive. The big surprise of the year, and its greatest success, is the manner in which a story of faith and integrity was so effectively woven, but never submerged, in the broad pattern of the *Ben Hur* tapestry. As this movie marks a turning point in the financial record, so also does it make an artistic triumph for the talents that created it.

*The Nun's Story*, a moving adaptation of Kathryn Hulme's controversial book, reflected both the essential truths of vocations and an unusual screen artistry. It is a product of which Hollywood can well be proud.

### Movie Reviews in Brief

The novelty value of AromaRama, a process by which odors are wafted into a theater to accompany certain scenes, is slight, but the first film to utilize it as a gimmick is an interesting, pictorially stunning glimpse of modern China. **BEHIND THE GREAT WALL** ranges from the suspense of a tiger hunt and the picture-book beauty of cormorants fishing to the blatancy of a propaganda pitch and a massive May Day parade in Peiping. The odors which fill the theater on electronic cue range from pungent to sickening but do little to increase the enjoyment. (Continental)

**NEVER SO FEW** is a high-powered drama of explosive action in North Burma and India during the campaigns of World War II. It has suspense, excellent photography, and provocative portrayals to recommend it but bogs down on a moral issue and makes serious accusations against the Nationalist Government of Chiang Kai-shek. The story revolves around an American captain (Frank Sinatra) who has been assigned to lead a force of 600 Kachin guerrillas. Their task is to keep some 40,000 Japanese soldiers at bay. During a clash with the enemy, one of his men is seriously wounded, and because there is no doctor or morphine available, Sinatra shoots the man to end his suffering. Later, the group comes upon an American convoy that has been wiped out by a Chinese war lord, authorized in such action by government warrants. The captain leads his men into China and forthwith executes every member of the raiding party. In a subsequent inquiry he is exonerated, though it is obvious his actions in both instances violated the Fifth Commandment. Gina Lollobrigida, Brian Donlevy, Peter Lawford, Steve McQueen, Robert Bray, Charles Bronson, and a strong cast can be numbered among the picture's assets. Its major errors rule out a recommendation. (M-G-M)

**ONCE MORE, WITH FEELING** is a scatterbrained comedy built around a complex marital situation involving an egotistical symphony conductor and his volatile wife. Their battles reach a crescendo and a divorce is in the offing. There is also an atom scientist on the sidelines waiting to become bridegroom #2. However, the couple realize that it will be necessary for them to be legally wed (a formality they had neglected for eighteen years) before they can be legally severed. So they marry and, after a number of painfully familiar scenes, decide that theirs is true love after all. Yul

Brynnner and the late Kay Kendall handle their roles with professional skill, but the composition itself is banal. (Columbia)

A Negro boy's quest for self respect is dramatized in perceptive terms in **TAKE A GIANT STEP**, a translation of the recent Broadway play. Disc star Johnny Mathis portrays a seventeen-year-old whose fine relationship with white classmates disintegrates as the problems of dating bring on barriers of prejudice. Unfortunately, the story itself falls apart and sacrifices its own integrity in scenes showing the boy on a gambol with four prostitutes and later in an interlude with his family's maid. These are sensational scenes which detract from the film's otherwise valid and honest premise. (United Artists)

Pat Boone goes far afield in his latest movie venture, **JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH**. He makes the leap from swing hero to Jules Verne in a surprisingly convincing fashion, appearing as a nineteenth-century geology student who helps probe the earth's core. The picture is fabulous, fantastic, and almost as entertaining as Verne intended it to be. Outer space traffic being what it is these days, it is inevitable that Hollywood glances in the other direction. Verne went much further than our 1960 scientists plan even now, so the moviemakers have an unchecked field day here. The result is exciting, colorful, and even entertaining, provided you enjoy the contradictions of never-never-land adventuring. James Mason, Arlene Dahl, and a cute duck named Gertrude share the inner-orbit spotlight in this exhausting fantasy. (20th Century-Fox)

Tennessee Williams' study in depravity which was called *Garden District* on stages comes to the screen as **SUDENLY LAST SUMMER**. It is the sort of theme which should be confined to the psychiatrist's office rather than any medium of mass entertainment. Sex perversion, incest, and implied cannibalism figure prominently in the treatment as Williams discusses the life, the problems, and the people surrounding one Sebastian Venable, an esthetic young man whose life had ended the previous summer in a Mediterranean coast town. His young cousin, who had witnessed his murder, has lost her sanity as a result. A young doctor, prior to performing brain surgery on her, probes into the cause of her illness. In so doing, he discovers that the dead youth had a warped relationship with his mother, that he was a homosexual, and that his killers were the brothers of young boys he had molested. The pace of this shoddy opus is ponderous. Only in the genuinely brilliant portrayals of Elizabeth Taylor and Katharine Hepburn, and the lesser, but impressive contribution of Mercedes McCambridge, does this achieve stature. (Columbia)

### The New Plays

There may well be dissent to the political overtones in **FIORELLO**, a delightful musical based on the early career of New York's Mayor LaGuardia, but there can be little carping about the entertainment dividend it provides playgoers. This is a sparkling show in every department, a flamboyant, melodic, and bustling affair that moves swiftly and smoothly through the years when the political firebrand was initiating his colorful career. In Tom Bosley, the producers have discovered the perfect little man for the role, for, in addition to the physical resemblance, he has captured the mannerisms and the inflections of the controversial politico. Ellen Hanley and Patricia Wilson are charming as the women in Fiorello's life, and at least two songs stand out in the

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*Tom Bosley campaigns in "Fiorello," musical based on the early career of New York's Mayor LaGuardia*



generally attractive score. They are "Gentleman Jimmy" and "Little Tin Box." Not everyone is going to find the political jibes palatable, but the show itself is lively and lots of fun.

**LITTLE MARY SUNSHINE** is a sprightly and unconsciously funny spoof of those 1920 operettas in which the rangers, baritones all, saved the day, the heroine, and the cause from complete disaster. In this modest, off-Broadway production, the old format receives an amiable and humorous riddling to the accompaniment of a first-rate score by Rick Besoyan, who wrote the book, music, and lyrics. It is a mirthful and witty cartoon and well worth a visit.

The appeal in **SARATOGA**, an expensive musical based on the Edna Ferber novel, is more to the eye than the ear. Costumes, sets, and the lighting are on the brilliant side, with Cecil Beaton rating the credit. For the rest, the report is not so cheering. The score by Harold Arlen and Johnny Mercer is far from being their best, and as a result stars Howard Keel and Carol Lawrence are hampered in their efforts. They are stymied by a script that does not sparkle and a show that never quite rouses the audience. The fault lies with the adaptation and staging of Morton Da Costa, who failed to bring the color and glamour and excitement of a lush background into proper focus. The result is a pleasant, but disappointing, also-ran.

**SILENT NIGHT, LONELY NIGHT** is a well-written talkathon in which Henry Fonda and Barbara Bel Geddes give sympathetic and skilled performances. They are cast as lonely folk who meet in a New England inn on Christmas Eve and forthwith recount the miseries and joys of their existence. His wife is in a mental institution, and she has just learned that her husband is unfaithful to her. Playwright Robert Anderson has them talk each other into a brief affair, following which they presumably have the courage to face their sad lives. As a conversation piece this is smoothly done, but as a play it leaves much to be desired, not the least of which is an absence of moral standards that is probably the most pitiful of the couple's combined problems.



*Pat Boone, Arlene Dahl, and "Gertrude" go underground in "Journey to the Center of the Earth"*

There is typical British reticence and underplaying in **FIVE FINGER EXERCISE**, a drawing-room drama concerned with the feuds and misunderstandings in a middle-class family. Wife and mother, played with grace and understanding by Jessica Tandy, is culture-minded and something of a poseur. The father is a furniture manufacturer with no interest in letters or art. Their son is a sensitive young man who rejects his father's ideas, and the teen-age daughter is a droll miss who avoids the tensions of the house until the issues must be faced. The catalyst is a young tutor who has come from Germany to work and reside with the family. He becomes, quite innocently, the focal point for a crisis which almost destroys the entire group. Roland Culver, Michael Bryant, Brian Bedford, and Juliet Mills, under John Gielgud's deft staging, match Miss Tandy's excellent work in an adult drama that is continually engrossing.

**THE FIGHTING COCK** is Jean Anouilh's latest comedy, penned with his usual flair for wit and colorful theater patterns. This time he receives a tremendous assist from Rex Harrison, whose personal magnetism camouflages the lethargic moments in the early part of the script. Harrison is cast as a retired General, frustrated in dealings with his family and baffled by the driving, self-centered people who are beyond his comprehension. In desperation he has set about forming an organization of those who believe, as he does, that courage, discipline, and hard work will solve the problems of the day. As he tilts at windmills, his cherished illusions and hopes are shattered one by one. Though his intentions are of the best, the general has been unhorsed. As the curtain descends, he is discovering the values, and perhaps the comforts, of modesty and humility and faith. Harrison's interpretation is superb in every respect, changing like the chameleon from volcanic to forlorn. Roddy MacDowall, as a callow, amoral youth, is also excellent, while Arthur Treacher, Natasha Parry, and the others impress throughout. Anouilh's tract is not for the casual playgoer or the entertainment seeker, but the adult in search of literary style and thoughtful discussion will find it an absorbing analysis of idealism.

# THE FAST

By JAMES E. KENNEY

During the next twelve months, dishonesty, deceit, fraud, corruption, and other immoral practices in the world of business will cost the American public at least \$3 billion.

This will happen despite state and federal laws against such actions, despite constant police work by several regulatory agencies of the government, and despite incessant vigilance on the part of private organizations set up by businessmen themselves.

The list of government investigations into business morality is growing alarmingly: TV quiz shows, drug prices, defense contractors, home mortgages, bribes to grocers by food manufacturers, bogus stocks, etc.

To get a clear view of what is happening to the morals of the American market-place, we need to look at business dealings on different levels.

On one level, there are the businessmen who violate the law openly and directly. When this happens, enforcement agencies like the Federal Trade Commission (FTC) or the Securities and Exchange Commission try to secure either convictions or compliance with the law in such cases as false or misleading advertising, misbranding, or adulteration of products, price-fixing, misrepresentation, embezzlement, failure to file required reports.

But even with the law on his side, John Public may find that he has considerably less than complete protection against deceit and chicanery.

Take one example from the fringes of the real-estate business. Today, property owners are being defrauded of \$50 million a year by the mushrooming advance-fee racket. Here is how this vicious scheme operates: a homeowner offers his property for sale, perhaps through an ad in a local paper. Sometime afterward, he is approached by a salesman who claims he has a ready buyer waiting and even willing to pay more than the asking price. All the property owner has to do is show his good intention to sell by paying an advance fee of \$200-\$300 and signing a "routine contract."

After the deal has been made, the property owner discovers that the deceptively worded contract provides only for a listing in a promotional bulletin. There is no real effort to sell the house. Most advance-fee operators are not even licensed real-estate brokers.

Testimony in Washington before the Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations indicates that some seventy firms are practicing this con game. The Federal Trade Commission has been stymied in its efforts to stop these firms because the misrepresentation is unfortunately in the sales talk, not the written contract.

Equally hard to stop are the perennial "earn-money-at-home" schemes. Every year, several million people are swindled out of amounts ranging from \$1 to \$1,000 by falling for the honeyed words of "work-at-home" operators. Instead of earning money at home, these people are losing an estimated half-billion dollars annually.

The racketeers who promote such schemes find their victims among elderly persons, shut-ins, widows, housewives, and others anxious to supplement their income. These individuals, who can least afford to lose money, answer advertisements in the "Help Wanted" columns of newspapers and other publications.

The ads carry such enticing phrases as, "earn extra cash at home"—"steady work, good income"—"large profits assured"—"no experience necessary."

The National Better Business Bureau has uncovered eleven variations of the "earn-money-at-home" racket. It may be a scheme to address envelopes, decorate Christmas cards, raise rabbits, make costume jewelry, or sew aprons. Whatever the wording used, the real purpose of each scheme is to sell something to those who answer the ad. "Send \$1 for instructions" is a common phrase. If no money is asked for in the original ad, an inquiry brings a follow-up letter in which the advertiser explains that a deposit must be sent to cover the cost of materials, samples, directions, etc., as a "guarantee of good faith."

The instructions are often worthless. The promoter never buys back the finished product, as the ad promised. It is always rejected as "not up to standards." The victim of the racket seldom earns any extra cash. In one scheme involving photo-coloring, more than 15,000 people paid in \$500,000 but got no work.

So far, the combined efforts of the Post Office Department, the Federal Trade Commission, and Better Business Bureaus everywhere have failed to stamp out the hundreds of "earn-money-at-home" schemes.

Another fast-spreading evil in U.S. merchandising is the phony price cut. In 1958, nearly a third of the FTC actions against deceptive practices involved fictitious pricing of goods. Even long-established, reliable firms are resorting to the price tricks of the fly-by-nighters.

Under cover of various misleading phrases—"formerly \$29.95, now \$14.95," "reduced from \$34.25," "made to sell for \$100," "regularly \$5.98," "manufacturer's close-out"—merchants are pretending to offer their customers real bargains, when in fact no such bargains exist.

Sometimes the manufacturer pre-tickets the item with an

# BUCK . . .

inflated price, from which the retailer can make his fake "reductions." Sometimes the store owner puts the article on his counter for a few days at a high price. Then he "marks it down" to the price that was intended all along. "Formerly" may mean a price from several years back, not the current season. "Sold elsewhere at higher prices" may refer to the prices in a distant or larger city.

The National Better Business Bureau has warned its members that the use of fictitious price claims has grown to such an extent that it has become a disgrace and is today's most serious threat to public confidence in advertising.

In the field of food and nutrition, quackery is so widespread that no one knows how much money the public is losing because of phony claims. The American Medical Association estimates that some ten million Americans are being duped out of \$500 million annually by zany advocates of special foods or diets.

Newspaper ads, radio commercials, and store counters everywhere today feature various pills, potions, tablets, vibrators, and other devices which claim to take off weight easily. The \$100 million spent annually on these reducing preparations is sheer waste of money, says Arthur S. Flemming, U.S. Health Secretary, who points out that to date science has been unable to produce a simple, safe-and-sane food, drug, or device that will in itself slenderize a user. Any company which makes this claim for its product is guilty of chicanery and is bilking the public.

There are many other examples to show the weakening of the nation's moral fibre.

► During 1959, stealing by employees caused the failure of two hundred American business firms. At least a billion dollars a year is embezzled by "trusted" workers. These are the findings of the N. Y. State Department of Labor and Dun and Bradstreet, Inc.

► One giant retail store estimates that "petty pilfering" by its employees adds up to \$800,000 a year. The store enters this amount on its books as "inventory shrinkage."

► Bank employees alone steal between six and eight million dollars a year. Insurance officials estimate that banks lose three to four times as much money to their own employees as they do in hold-ups.

Part of the blame for this dishonesty has been placed on business management itself. The N. Y. State Department of Labor points out that when dishonesty is discovered in a business firm, employers often prefer to hush things up for fear that publicity will give their company a bad name.

Moving to a different level, we find a "shadow zone" in

which illegality is not a clear-cut matter. Much hinges on interpretation of the code in question. At this level, the attitude is usually, "If you can get away with it without being caught, then it isn't wrong." More and more, businessmen, squirming beneath the steeply graduated personal income tax, seem to feel that they are justified in trying anything to ease their tax burden. A favorite device to "beat the tax" is the expense account, often cynically referred to as a "swindle sheet."

The Internal Revenue Service allows businessmen to deduct from their gross income any legitimate expenses incurred in the normal operation of their businesses. The catch is, what's the dividing line between *bona fide* expenses and those which are not?

Is it legitimate to deduct the expense of entertaining business associates and customers at a night club or musical comedy? Suppose a directors' meeting is held on board a company-owned yacht or at a company-owned hunting lodge in the Maine woods. Do these excursions belong on an expense account? Losses to the Treasury from the abuse of expense accounts are estimated at one to two billion dollars a year.

An unsavory example of "treating the customer right" was revealed last year when the CBS radio network broadcast a program, *The Business of Sex*, which explained how prostitutes are used to swing business deals for large corporations.

In a typical arrangement, as described by speakers on this program, a big corporation throws a party to entertain its out-of-town customers. For a flat fee of perhaps \$5,000, a certain famous madam in New York will provide the number of girls needed to make the affair successful.

In other cases, the corporation keeps prostitutes on its regular payroll as part of the public relations staff and provides them to important buyers for the night. Some of these prostitutes said they earned as much as \$25,000 a year through their deals with companies.

From 3,000 to 30,000 of these prostitutes were estimated to be operating in New York City alone. A publicist on the program said that even more use is made of call girls by corporations in Chicago, St. Louis, and Cleveland.

An intriguing feature of this arrangement is that the corporation need not worry much about its illegality. It's to the advantage of everyone involved to keep quiet. The call girls are obviously not going to jeopardize their earnings or freedom by informing the police. The buyers or customers,

(Continued on page 81)

# SLOW ETHIC

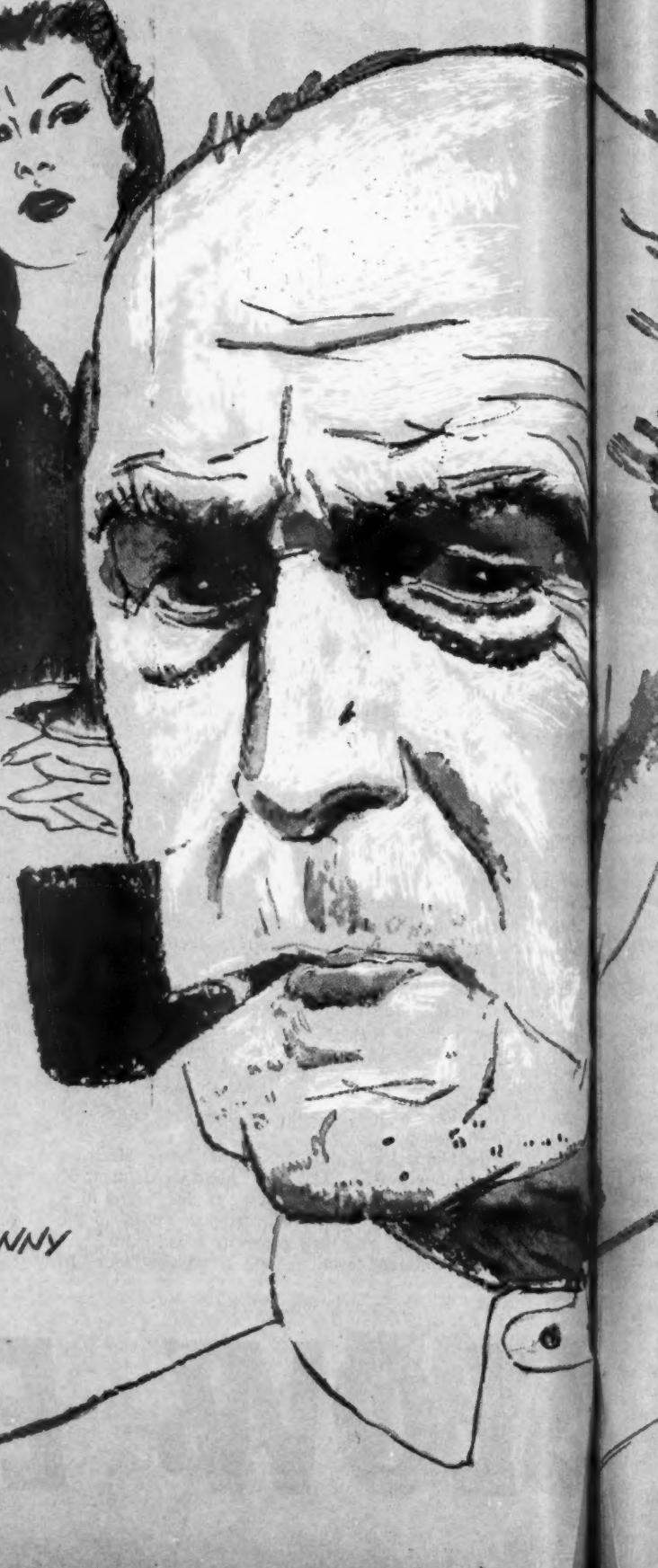
ALICE



MOLLY



DANNY





# The Children

BY CATHERINE SHERIDAN

IT WOULD BE WONDERFUL TO LIVE WITH ONE  
OF THEM.... OR WOULD IT?

He sat, hunched in the faded, upholstered armchair, watching them. Alice now, encased in the black, silk dress and the look of an army sergeant glinting in her sharp, blue eyes.

"It would be ever so much better, this way," Alice was saying crisply.

Well now, John Carmody thought, and a bit of an accent there too, unless he was very much mistaken. He covered his mouth hastily to hide the wry twist of it. An accent, clipped, sure, and the expensive bridgework all showing above the carefully reddened lines of her mouth. Alice—his eldest.

He looked at her from under his eyebrows.

It was difficult, even now, to remember that Alice had been once a little girl. A stocky, dark-haired child with bangs and a red ribbon and a way of holding her shoulders as though she were going to take on the whole world for herself.

"The taxes, the upkeep, those dreadful cleaning women you get nowadays—"

Alice had her eyes fixed firmly now on Danny. And Danny trying, as always, to look back at her just as firmly. Danny—the second child.

"A smart boy," people used to say about Danny. And he only a thin, freckle-faced, little lad then, with glasses and corduroy pants and a nose that had never been known in those days to be completely dry.

"Where's your handkerchief, Danny?"  
And his mother—God rest her—at the bureau drawer for another clean one.

For a moment, John Carmody forgot them. The thin, high sound of their voices began to fade, go away. And it was as though he were alone in the front parlor and Nora's lace curtains were blowing lazily in the afternoon breeze.

Nora—sometimes it was almost as though he would turn and she'd be there and the two of them looking at each other like all the other times.

"A cup of tea, John, and maybe a bit of fresh soda bread?"

Nora in the neat print dress and the smooth coil of her hair, the gold earrings he'd brought her from Dublin swinging fine and grand with her every quick move. Nora.

The curtains drifted back. And he remembered how it was, that she was gone now and these high voices were the voices of the children planning what would be best for him.

They didn't know, of course. And they'd have to wait for the telling of it. Because he'd already made up his mind. A few weeks ago, he'd called the real estate man.

"Sell the house for me, Fred. Get me a good price."

"John, you know I will."

"And Fred—"

"Yes, sir?"

"Fred, find me a little place of my own, will you? Something nice and plain and clean. Three rooms maybe, over a store. 'Twould do me fine."

A few weeks ago. And then the waiting. Time to think. Time to plan. Time to

*He sat with his pipe clenched hard,  
remembering*

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY KIDDER

walk down to the town of an afternoon and the warm spring air like a softness around you.

Down to Tom O'Neil's hardware store and a bit of a talk with that complaining old man himself.

He'd go slowly along the warm, bright street. The town would lay ahead of him, stretching out cleanly and evenly and the cross on St. Ann's shining grand in the sun.

The children, he'd think, all grown and married and fine. And now there'd be time. Time for a man to sit back, take up his pipe, maybe have a bit of a rest for himself. At sixty eight, you got tired now and then.

The children. Their voices came to him now again in the cool, shaded parlor. And his Alice at her best, unless he was very much mistaken.

"But, Molly my dear, can't you see? You couldn't possibly take on any extra work. Not now."

He glanced up at them quickly. And at Molly, the youngest one, sitting there so still and her small, chapped hands twisting and untwisting a bit of a kerchief.

"What is it, child? Is there anything wrong?"

"No, father, no." Molly's eyes were sort of shy. "It's just that there's another baby on the way."

God love you, he thought. And you with three young ones already at home, prancing in and out of the kitchen and under your feet half the day like kittens.

"When will it be?" he asked, watching the chapped hands working again at the kerchief.

"October, the end of October," Molly said.

He looked at her. She would have been the one, he thought, the only one he would have chosen to go with. There was a place for him there, too. She'd said so often. A room upstairs, under the eaves, with a huge, old bed, a dresser, and a bookcase left there when the Andersons sold the place.

Only he wasn't going, of course. His mind was made up. Molly had her husband, Steve, to take care of her, and things would work out right for the both of them one of these days.

"How is Steve coming along with the garage?"

That would be Alice again. And underneath the simple question, the thrust at young Steve.

"All right, sort of. It's a lot of work, just himself, you know. And he simply can't afford to hire anyone else."

"Not enough push to him," Alice said flatly. "You know, Molly, if a man ever wants to get ahead, he has to have some push."

The child's face was reddening, the little lines of worry all deepening on her forehead.

"Steve tries!" she said breathlessly. "He tries and he works hard and that's all any man can do."

"Indeed it is," her father said, sitting up straight in the faded armchair.

"Now take Charlie," Alice went on as though no one else had spoken.

Charlie—that was her husband, poor soul. But a successful man, all right. However, with a woman like Alice for a wife—John Carmody felt his lips twitch—with Alice maybe there was no other way. And the boy, young Charlie, from the look of him last time home from college, he was being well set in the same pattern.

"Pop," That was Danny now, breaking in on the talk, coming over to sit beside him, nervous fingers pulling at a cigarette.

"You could stay with us, pop. For a while anyhow, until you get adjusted. And Betts would love to have you."

Betts, the girl his son had married ten years ago. John Carmody looked over at her now, met the bright, fixed

• Among those things which are so simple that even a child can operate them are parents.—Francis Walsh

smile that she turned on him so quickly.

"It would be wonderful having you," Betts said.

For a moment, he knew she really meant it. But then everything was always wonderful with Betts, he remembered, for a while, that is. Like the different apartments and the course in interior decorating and the voice training at that drama studio two years ago.

He looked at her now, smiling a little to himself.

"Thank you, Betts. 'Tis nice indeed of you."

And there was Danny, lighting another cigarette, waiting for him to go on. But he only shifted his thin, old body in the armchair and got out his pipe, and there was no answer from him at all.

"Father," Alice was coming at him now. Their eyes met, blue eyes to his own and they glinting equally with determination.

"Father dear, you'll simply have to decide, you know. And the sooner the better."

She had a pencil in her hand, a silver kind of a thing, that she kept rapping methodically against her fingers.

As though she were running a meeting, her father thought, one of them things where she was always a chairlady, no less.

He lit his pipe and waited.

"Charlie and I talked it over. You could have the room at the head of the stairs. You know, that nice, big one with the radio and a view of the park. Father, are you listening?"

He saw himself climbing the stairs. Saw the room with the neat bed and the dresser and his things all hanging fine and orderly in the closet.

"Time for bed, father, don't you think?" That would be his Alice with the sergeant's note again in her voice and a quick step across to the window where he'd forgotten to straighten the blind.

"I suppose you've finished with those papers, father—they clutter so."

And himself maybe only halfway through the sports page and sort of saving it for a bit later.

"I'd be like poor Charlie in a year," he caught the words just in time. They'd been on his lips and he'd almost said them.

He sat back, looking at them all again. The children. Alice and Danny and Molly. And over there the poor little girl with the fiery-red finger nails—Danny's wife, Betts.

For a moment, he felt a bit of a smile turning up the corners of his mouth. And inside, he could hear himself and the words as though he were out in the kitchen talking again to Nora.

"Will you look at them now, Norrie! The children, our children and they all trying to talk me into going with them, no less."

The children. Suddenly his eyes dimmed. The children. Now, strangely, they seemed to grow smaller and the faces changed. And in a little while, it was like long ago and he sat there with his pipe clenched hard, remembering.

Alice, the first born. They were living over the grocery store then, himself and Nora, in three little rooms with an old, battered, black stove and a leak in the kitchen ceiling. Alice had come, a tiny, red-faced, squalling bit of a child, one cold, rainy night in November. Mrs. Gustavson, running breathlessly up the back stairs from her store below, had shouted at him.

"You go for the doctor, Mr. Carmody. I take care here."

And she had, a huge, blonde woman in a plaid bathrobe and her hair all wound up in some kind of curlers around her head.

Down the stairs then, himself, with

no coat and no hat and out into the cold, November night.

A bit of a walk it was too, only he hadn't felt it, only the rain and the wind and the breathless sense of fear that was like a tight, hard knot inside him.

"Carmody," the doctor had said when he let him in, "Carmody, are you crazy?"

He loaned him a big coat and a cap that didn't fit and Nora said afterward that she'd been more afraid of him, when she saw him come in, than anything else.

Nora. There was a girl for you. And she never afraid of anything.

The baby was fine, the doctor said, a fine baby girl. Mrs. Gustavson was as proud as if she'd had Alice herself and she standing there all smiling and beaming in the dreadful, old bathrobe.

He'd held Alice for a few minutes when they let him and he'd looked at her a long, long time.

"Isn't she grand?" Nora was whispering.

"Grand," he said.

Only he couldn't see her hardly at all, his eyes were that wet.

Later, they'd moved from over the grocery store. He had the new job then, the foreman at the motor plant. And they'd rented a little house at the far end of town, where there was a yard for a young one to play in and trees.

"'Tis almost as good as at home," Nora said.

Nora in the blue apron that matched her eyes. Nora with the lilt of Tipperary soft on her lips.

"Almost as good as at home," Nora used to say.

Danny had been born there. And two years later, young John, the one they'd lost and he only a baby in a little, white dress.

That had been a bad time for them, a dreadful time.

AND THEN Molly came. Molly, the darling, with blue eyes and golden hair and small hands reaching out to you. There was something special about Molly, even then.

That was the happy time, to be sure. And a busy one, with himself trying all the while to get ahead.

He kept working, saving, trying. And he bought a house for the children to grow up in. A fine one, with a dining room and a parlor and a kitchen with a shining, white stove that Nora couldn't seem to stop wondering at.

"Not much like the old one, is it Norrie, the one we had when Alice was born?"

Nora had looked at him then. And

their eyes held until she turned away.

After awhile, he heard her, quiet like, saying it.

"There'll never be another stove like that one, John, never."

The years had gone on and before you knew it, the children were big and growing and no longer coming to meet you at the front door when you came in nights from work.

Alice finished high school and got herself a job at the bank in Fairview.

Danny planned on going to college and being an engineer. And Molly—well, that one was still enough of a child, God love her, to have short dresses and hair ribbons and a fat, young puppy.

THEN Alice had a young man of her own coming in to supper. Charlie Saunders, from over in Fairview. He had a car and took her driving and it was a changed girl indeed now, in soft, silk dresses and high heels and the scent of perfume trailing after her when she went past you into the dining room.

"We're going to be married," Alice said.

One bleak night in November and the rain coming down hard and cold outside the kitchen windows.

"Are you now?" And he reaching for his pipe and then his hands being still.

Another night in November, he thought, and you only a small one with a red, crinkly face and little fists and they all doubled up against your mother.

"You and Charlie," he said.

"Yes, father. We've planned it for early in the spring and we'll get an apartment in Fairview."

He'd looked at her wonderingly. At the poised young woman in the dark skirt and the crisp, white blouse and the ring shining on her finger.

Nora had been pleased.

"He's a fine man," Nora said, "a fine young man."

And then it was spring and time for the wedding and Alice went off in a shower of rice and veiling and her mother's best prayers.

That was the first. And for a while it was queer to go past the open, bedroom door with the school pictures and the frilled dressing table and the furry toy dog propped stiffly on the window sill.

Once he just stood there looking in, and Nora came up with the dust pan and cloths and saw him.

She took his arm, pressed it gently.

"It's sort of lonesome without her, isn't it, John?"

"It is."

That was all either of them said.

But then there'd never been much need of words between them.

In the fall, Danny went off to college. He had a scholarship and they'd been terribly proud about it.

"He'll make out," Nora said. "He's a smart one."

She sent him packages with clean clothes and home-made cakes and a list of things he must be sure and do to take care of himself.

When Danny was there a year, he met Betts.

"There's a girl," Nora said, one morning over the tea cup, "a girl in all his letters and I keep wondering what will come of it."

They didn't have long to wonder, though, because one weekend Danny came home and a slim young girl with him, and he was saying, "This is Betts. I wanted to bring her long ago."

"Well now," they took her hand, first himself, then Nora.

The four of them stood in the hallway, awkward, ill at ease, and none of them knowing quite what to say.

"Take off your coats and I'll go put on the kettle," Nora said after a while. "Mom."

They turned and looked at him then, his father, his mother.

Something was there in his voice and it was almost as though they knew without him even telling.

"We were married two days ago."

Later that night in the kitchen, they sat, himself and Nora.

"Danny shouldn't have done it," he said. "Danny should have waited."

THE ROOM was very still. Only the tick of the clock, the sound of the trees outside blowing in the wind.

"Well, it's over and done with now," Nora said. "There's nothing to do but make the best of it."

She stood up, straightened her apron, and for the first time he noticed how very tired she looked.

"We'll say no more tonight, John."

"All right, Norrie. You go upstairs. I'll lock up."

When she was gone, he sat there alone for a long time.

There was only Nora and himself then and the young one, Molly. She was a pretty little thing, those days, with her fair hair curling around her face and her great, blue eyes.

"Molly, you're a darlin'."

He liked to say it to her and sometimes he'd sing it a bit and the two of them laughing at each other all the while.

Molly was going to high school. She had a "crowd," at least that's what she called them. Big girls and little girls in skirts and blouses and handker-

chiefs tied over their heads like some of the old women at home.

"Will you look at them, Norrie," he'd say.

Later the boys came. Tall ones and short ones, thin, lanky lads in sweaters and unpressed pants and shaven kind of heads that made them all look alike.

"Which one is that?" he asked Nora one Saturday afternoon.

"That's Steve, the McDermott's oldest boy."

He'd asked because he'd begun to notice how Molly was always with that one. Talking with him or dancing or maybe just sitting there looking at him with a sort of shy, worshiping look in her blue eyes.

The McDermott boy. After a while, he began coming alone. And soon you knew there wasn't going to be anyone else for Molly.

WHEN she finished high school in June, she began to talk about getting married.

"She's only a child," he kept saying to Nora.

But in a few months, Steve was called into the Army. He went away to some place up in Massachusetts for training and every day there were letters going and coming from him and Molly.

"She's lost without him, poor lamb," Nora said.

He'd looked over at her grimly.

"She'll get over it."

Only she didn't, of course, as he himself had known all the time. And when Steve came back on a visit, they were married in the same little church where she'd been christened a long time before.

"We're back where we started," he said to Nora.

The wedding was over and they'd come home and the house was very still.

"Just the two of us now, the way it was before."

He looked around at the darkened hall and the empty porch and suddenly he felt very old and tired.

"Just the two of us."

"Now, John," she began to take off her things. The silk coat and the corsage, the stylish new hat with the pink flowers and the veiling.

"Norrie—"

"Yes, John?"

She was waiting and her eyes were warm, filled with all the years of tenderness and love and understanding. Blue, Tipperary eyes.

And he began to smile then, holding onto her hand.

"Just the two of us, Norrie. Just you and me."

His pipe was still there, clenched

hard between his teeth now. All this time, he thought, all this remembering and the children sitting there talking and he not listening to any of it.

For a moment, it was difficult to bring himself back. Back into this room with the familiar, faded chairs he knew so well and the lace curtains drifting back from the windows.

"Daddy." That was Molly and the soft voice calling out to him like when she was a little girl.

"I'm going to the kitchen, daddy. I'd like a cup of tea."

Molly's face was pale and moist with little beads of perspiration standing out on her forehead. And he wondered suddenly what Alice had been saying to her all that time when he'd been sitting there thinking.

"Are you all right, child?" In an instant, he was getting to his feet.

Then there was Alice moving toward them with authority and a swish of expensive, black silk.

"I'll take care of her, father," Alice said briskly.

John Carmody stood at the doorway.

"Go easy, child." He let Molly out past him to the big, bright kitchen and Nora's blue tea cannister on the cupboard shelf.

"Alice," he said, "you can stay right there!"

"Now, father, really." Alice was smiling. A sort of a tolerant, knowing bit of a smile that said go back and sit down nice and quiet, the way an old man should.

She started for the doorway.

Something stirred and rose up inside him then. He felt it hot and strong like a kind of fury that you couldn't hold or stop, it was that powerful.

"Alice Carmody!" he roared. "It's your father talking to you! And he's telling you to stay right where you are!"

There was a silence. A long, strange silence and no one moving or saying a word.

The stout figure in the black, silk dress began to fade. There was only the other one now—one with a red ribbon and bangs and a doll propped on a window sill.

John Carmody let out his breath.

"Sit down, Alice, over in the old chair. That's a good girl."

He went into the kitchen and closed the door, then, firmly after him.

Molly was over at the window. Without a word to her, he got the things ready. The cups and saucers, the nice bit of cake he'd bought in the bakery that morning.

Then he heard her.

"Molly!" He stood motionless, the cream pitcher in his hand.

It was no way for a girl to be crying, he thought, no way at all and she with a baby to be born.

"Molly, child, tell us. What is it bothering you so?"

She looked at him and the small, tear-stained face was enough to make his heart turn over.

"Is it the children now, or Steve maybe?"

Slowly she came over and sat down at the table. He poured the tea.

"Tell your old father," he said softly.

Waiting then, like all the other times. The cut knees, the broken dolls, the birthday-party card that hadn't come.

John Carmody sat watching his daughter.

"It's just the way Alice was talking. About Steve and the house and the way he's losing out at the garage. Alice says—" The tears had stopped now and the chapped, little hand was reaching for a piece of the cake.

"Alice says he has no push, no gumption. And, daddy, it isn't true, honestly, it isn't true!"

Bits of crumbs on her mouth now and his own hand wanting to reach out to brush at them.

"Of course, it isn't true," he said.

It went on then and he listening to it all. About Steve and the fine husband he was and he only needing a little time to get on his feet.

And all the while, he kept thinking it. If the young ones had someone maybe, someone to help them out for a bit. Till Steve got the garage in hand, say, and fixed up the plumbing and the dingy rooms in the old house. Maybe till the new baby was born.

Slowly, he lit his pipe. For one brief moment, he thought of the three rooms Fred was getting for him. He thought of the quiet, leisurely breakfasts, the walks into town, and the grand, meaningless arguments of an afternoon at Tom O'Neil's hardware store.

THEN he stood up. He walked to the window and looked out at the garden. Some other time, he thought, some other time.

After a while, he turned away.

Molly was still at the table. She looked up at him warmly and her eyes beginning to smile a bit.

Now he could tell her. Tell her it was time to be fixing up that fine, big room she'd been saving for him all along. The one under the eaves.

And suddenly, then, there was a grand feeling inside him. Almost as though his Nora were close and she saying it to him again, like all the other, old, remembered times.

"The children, John, the children."

## SPIRITUAL THOUGHT FOR THE MONTH

# The Reformation Revisited

BY KILIAN McDONNELL, O.S.B.



To EVALUATE the present Catholic-Protestant situation is extremely difficult. The issues are clouded with centuries of accusation, counter-accusations. Pascal once said, "Never does man do evil so completely and so cheerfully as when he does it from religious conviction." Both sides, Catholic and Protestant, have committed crimes in the name of religious zeal. Both sides must begin with this admission. There are enough things to divide us without each side examining old wounds, dressing them for public display.

For both sides this means a re-evaluation of what happened at the Reformation. When the Lutheran World Federation met in Minneapolis in 1957, it was decided to establish a world-wide center to study, among other questions, Catholicism. The president of the Federation, Lutheran Bishop Hanns Lilje, told the assembly, "Each generation of Protestants must rethink the decision of the sixteenth century (to separate from Rome). We must be able to say why we today are not Roman Catholics. . . . We want the truth even if it is unpleasant."

Karl Adam, a Catholic theologian, has also proposed that Protestants and Catholics go back and study the Reformation. There is great wisdom in this proposal. After four hundred years of mutual recrimination, of carefully nurtured prejudices, we are faced with the fact that Protestants and Catholics today are further apart than were the Protestants and Catholics of Luther's day.

We will, of course, never interpret the history of the Reformation as the Protestants do—else they would cease to be Protestants—but we cannot expect them to rid themselves of their Protestant bias unless we rid ourselves of our Catholic bias. And there is such a thing. If Protestantism can produce the bigot because Protestant theology is essentially a protesting theology—this does not mean that it is wanting in

positive affirmations authentically Christian—and cannot be constructed without reference to and refutation of the Catholic position, so Catholicism can produce the bigot because, certain that he is right, he comes to believe that the Protestant has no truth and no right on his side. This Catholic bigot is the great orthodox untouchable, the heresy hunter (who, incidentally, always finds what he is looking for), who blindly lashes out at error and spreads abroad, to the ultimate detriment of the Church, that type of propaganda which seeks to defend truth at the expense of truth. From the Catholic bigot, O Lord deliver us.

There will be no reunion based on a species of theological horsetrading: "I will give up the Pope if you will give up birth control." This is not true ecumenical thinking. Pope Pius XI warned against "schemes for the promiscuous union into one body of all who call themselves Christian." The only basis for unity is truth, and any unity based on vague feelings of brotherhood is an illusion. If we should avoid emphasizing our differences, we cannot pretend that they do not exist.

Protestants have traditionally looked with suspicion upon our invitations to join in our ecumenical meetings. The Protestant accuses the Catholic of opening the discussion with a closed question. There is never question in the Catholic mind of a merger of churches; it is always of a return of the Protestants to the Catholic Church. For the Catholic there is no possibility of a Catholic-Protestant Church, or even of a Catholic-Protestant fellowship of churches. For the Catholic there is only one solution: the return of Protestants to the Mother Church. In this sense, the Protestants are correct in accusing us of opening the discussion with a closed question.

For the Protestant, this is another manifestation of that collective arrogance they have long ago associated with Catholicism.

There is, of course, a sense in which the Church is spotless. She is the holy, undefiled Church, because she is holy in her sacraments and in the purity of her faith. The gates of hell have not prevailed against her and with divine assurance she heralds the good news—and this without an admixture of error.

But if the Church is spotless in her sacraments and in her faith, she is not spotless in all her members. The members of Christ have sinned, and the division of Christianity is due to the sins of the members. Pope Adrian VI wrote to his nuncio in 1552 who was to attend a meeting at Nuremberg: "You are to say that we frankly acknowledge that God permits this persecution (Lutheran revolt) of His Church on account of the sins of men, and especially of prelates and clergy."

The abuses in the Church at the time of Luther are undeniable. Though the Catholic judgment on Luther has been perhaps overharsh—the man had a number of really admirable qualities—there are a number of things with which we reproach him. Not the least of these reproaches is this: we needed Luther; we needed him desperately, and he deserted us when we needed him most. He saw abuses and would not be content to correct them. Had he remained in the Church and reformed it from within, we would today hail him as a true reformer, perhaps a great saint.

At the 1957 Minneapolis meeting, Bishop Lilje said of the Catholic Church, "It is not today the same church it was in Martin Luther's day." Concurring in this, the Protestant historian Karl Meissinger has written: "If Luther returned today . . . he would find to his astonishment a Roman Church which he would never have attacked in her present aspect . . . above all he would see . . . that not one of the abuses which were the actual occasion of his break with Rome remains."

We ask our Protestant friends not to look to our sins, past and present, but to truth.

## TELEVISION and RADIO

By John P. Shanley

# The March of Vivid Journalism



On most Sunday evenings between 6:30 and 7 o'clock (E.S.T.), the Columbia Broadcasting System presents *The Twentieth Century*, a series that deserves encouragement for covering modern history in a generally interesting way.

Since it first went on the air in the fall of 1957, the program has explored many aspects of World War II and its aftermaths. It has studied subjects such as life behind the Iron Curtain and modern society in our own country.

Sometimes the program, relying too heavily on available film clips, has no definite point of view; it merely has held the mirror up to recent events and provided its audience with features having no more depth than a movie newsreel.

But there have been other occasions when it has done a searching, comprehensive examination of its subject. I have found some of these programs to be unusually informative and engrossing. They are frequently presented in lively, narrative style and illustrated intelligently with filmed reports on the topic under consideration.

In one of its recent programs, *The Twentieth Century* reported on one of the most disastrous missions of World War II—the Allied effort to supply the Soviet Union with the materials of war by means of the northern convoy route to Murmansk and Archangel.

The telecast focused on the appalling losses suffered by one convoy, composed principally of American merchant ships, most of which were attacked and sunk by Nazi bombers and submarines in the sullen waters of the Arctic Ocean.

In covering this subject the program did more than merely tell the tragic story of what had taken place in the grim sea battles against the Luftwaffe and the Nazi undersea fleet. It also set forth one of the reasons for the disaster that befell the convoy. Not long before the full-scale attack on the cargo vessels began, most of the escorting warships had

been withdrawn by order of the British Admiralty. The protecting craft were diverted to another mission that proved to be futile—the result of faulty intelligence reports.

This kind of television presentation, including a reason behind a major story, even when it involved a delicate matter of international relations, was a good example of journalism in depth on the TV screen.

More recently *The Twentieth Century* devoted two successive programs to another kind of story—one with even more significance for the time in which we live. It was called *Poland on a Tightrope* and it provided an absorbing account of a courageous nation living under Communist control.

Poland's geographical, historical, political, and economic situations were reviewed in interesting detail. Then the telecast considered another important component of Polish life. Here is the way the subject was introduced by Walter Cronkite, the narrator:

"Poland's peasants—a force resisting Communism. But there is a greater force. Ten centuries before the Poles ever heard of Gomulka, they knew of Christ. Today 95 per cent of them are Roman Catholics. Poland is perhaps the most Catholic country of Europe—the easternmost fortress of the Roman faith—a great island of piety in a Communist sea."

As Cronkite continued, films dramatically illustrating the unyielding spiritual faith of the Poles appeared on the TV screen.

"In an amazing outpouring of mass piety," Cronkite reported, "pilgrims walk nine days from Warsaw to Czestochowa—to the sacred monastery of Jasna Gora—to pay homage to the 'Black Madonna,' whom they call 'The Queen of Poland.' . . . One hundred thousand devout Poles from all over the land come now to worship at the shrine and to see and hear the only other man in Poland whose

authority Gomulka must recognize—Stefan Cardinal Wyszyński, Primate of Poland."

Then the valiant Cardinal appeared on the screen and, as he spoke to his people, the following portion of his address was translated: "There is much spoken of belief that the people will somehow, in the course of time, draw away from God and that the temples will become empty. My dearest children, in all humility, conscious of the imperfection of the service which we are performing for you, and, while looking straight into your eyes, we must assert that we are not afraid of such eventuality."

**The Magnificence of TV.** There is, of course, nothing new about the steadfast religious faith of Poland. But here it was being measured in relation to that nation's dismal situation under the black shadow of the Kremlin. In this illustrated presentation, television was telling a tremendously important story in forceful, dramatic style. It is in this kind of program that the medium realizes its magnificent potential for informing a public that, in this critical period of world history, needs desperately to be informed about major developments.

The scripts for the series are written by authorities. Daniel Schorr, an experienced newspaper and television correspondent who has worked in Warsaw, Moscow, and other world news centers, did the writing for both of the programs on Poland. He deserves commendation for his work. So do the producer, Burton Benjamin, and the director, Isaac Kleinerman, who are permanently assigned to the series.

It would be too much to expect that *The Twentieth Century* will offer programs of major importance every time it is on the air. If it can from time to time provide telecasts on the same high level as those dealing with Poland and the Murmansk run, however, it will be achieving something eminently worthwhile.

A special word should be said for the Prudential Insurance Company of America, which sponsors the programs. Its willingness to support a serious weekly offering that does not attract the huge audiences commanded by other, much less worthy shows proves that TV has not sunk to a hopelessly commercial level. The advertising messages for the series, incidentally, are restrained and effective.

Incidentally, there have been other heartening instances this season of an advertiser's willingness to pay for telecasts that do not emphasize entertainment. The Firestone Tire and Rubber Company has been sponsoring the CBS series, *Eyewitness to History*, which covered the recent trips to Europe and Asia by President Eisenhower and the visit to this country by Premier Khrushchev. And the monthly programs *CBS Reports* have been sponsored by Bell & Howell and the B. F. Goodrich Company. These are encouraging signs in an industry where, in recent months, there have been so many sordid and depressing disclosures.

**Public, Not Private, Affairs.** The demise of the Saturday night adventure series *Five Fingers* may also reflect the public's increasing appetite for sturdier fare. Admittedly, this one-hour filmed program, which dealt with the unlikely adventures of a theatrical agent who was an undercover intelligence agent for the United States, had been a shaky undertaking from the start. The show may have sur-



CBS film shows Polish pilgrims outside Jasna Gora shrine

vived as long as it did because of the appearance of an Italian actress named Luciana Paluzzi.

There was nothing sinister about Signorina Paluzzi's activities. She just happened to be around when caped saboteurs and other shadowy figures were trying to liquidate her friend, the theatrical agent and counterspy. She probably never would have won any gold statuettes for acting. This was not a serious consideration, however, for many men in the television audience. They found her presence on the home screen quite soothing after a week of hard work. For Signorina Paluzzi was unquestionably quite a dish.

Whether or not all her admirers approve, the series is to be succeeded by *Wide World 60*, a promising group of NBC public affairs programs to take its place.

The new attraction could represent another step forward in the direction of more responsible programming in a time period when a large potential audience is available.

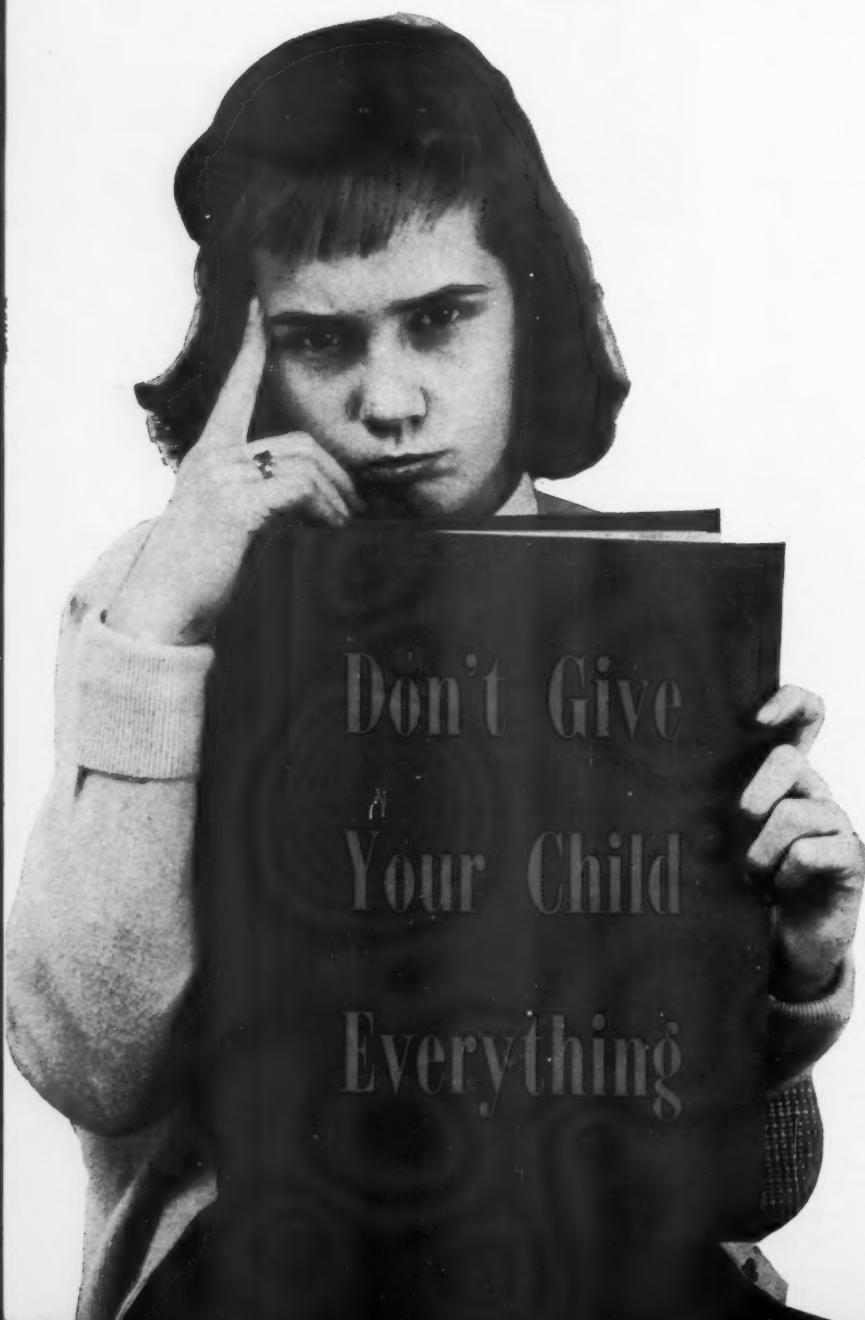
With Frank McGee as principal narrator, the series, scheduled to start January 23 (9:30 to 10:30 P.M., E.S.T.), has some intriguing topics: *The Way It All Began*, an account of three primary concepts of the creation of the universe. *Kicksville*, an examination of the drinking problem. *Meeting at the Summit*, dealing with the anticipated meeting of heads of state in Europe. *The American Fighting Man*, an examination of the state of our armed forces. *Freedom is Sweet and Bitter*, a report on the growth, problems, and power of Africa. There also will be reports on the seven American astronauts, jazz, baseball, and Los Angeles.

Broadcasters Cronkite, McGee, and Schorr, and others, like John Daly, Chet Huntley, and David Brinkley, may be kept increasingly busy if the emphasis on television news programs continues to grow. The trend is a welcome one and deserves to be encouraged.

*Can you do too much for your child?*

*A doctor answers with an emphatic "yes" and  
warns parents of the dangers they run*

**BY ROBERT P. ODENWALD, M.D.**



NOT LONG ago, a middle-aged woman appeared at my office with tears in her eyes. She said that her husband had died seventeen years before and that she had raised her one son single-handedly.

Her husband had a large life insurance policy. Its benefits would have enabled her and her child to live comfortably, but in a different neighborhood. Rather than deny her son any "advantages," she took a job at night.

"George never wanted for anything," she said proudly. "He was always dressed better than his classmates. He had more toys than anyone else. When he was old enough to drive, I gave him a new automobile—the first that anyone in his class had."

George went to college. His mother paid for his tuition and lodging and gave him all his spending money. She often wondered why he made excuses to keep her from visiting him. Then came graduation and an invitation to her to attend sent by the dean. When she told her son that she planned to go, he put his foot down flatly. "All the other parents will be well dressed, with perfect manners," he said. "You wouldn't feel at home there. I don't want you to go."

The woman need not have told of her son's ingratitude. It was a typical ending to such a story. For, in giving him everything, she had failed to give him what he needed most—the chance to do things for himself and for others so that he would grow up and find his place in our give-and-take society.

What's wrong with giving too much to your child? It seems that is what any conscientious parent would do. Perhaps you have had a hard time in your life and had to do without things you wanted badly. Probably you made mistakes which you might have avoided if your parents had guided you each step of your way. So you want to give your child necessities and even comforts which he can't obtain for himself. You want to guide him in order to keep him from making serious errors which might cause great difficulties in his life.

Your main job as a mother or father, however, is to help him develop habits and attitudes which will make him a normal, happy adult. He must learn to depend upon himself, to take responsibility, to get along without many things he would like to have but can't afford, to be willing to sacrifice his own interests at times for other people.

Learning to say "no" to our own impulses for the good of others is not something we learn automatically. We all are born with a strong sense of selfishness. Unless that streak is modified as we grow, we will become adults

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with the idea that our desires should always be satisfied first and that others' wishes are secondary. A person who has not been trained to curb his selfish nature will be poorly qualified to make the sacrifices which a good adjustment in marriage requires.

When a child does not have everything done for him, he learns to take in stride the many disappointments he will inevitably face as an adult. He won't feel that the world is falling apart because his employer won't give him the raise he expects. He will shrug philosophically when the family budget can't fit in a new set of golf clubs because a new washing machine for his wife is more necessary.

If you could spend a day as an observer in a psychiatric clinic—or even in a school principal's office—you would soon see the real and often pathetic results of doing too much for children.

Bobby was an only child whose father died when he was four years old. Bobby's mother gritted her teeth and resolved that her boy would not suffer any hardships because he had no father. As often happens in such cases, she became overprotective. She watched Bobby all day long—afraid that he might hurt himself while playing or that other youngsters might say something to hurt his feelings.

When Bobby suffered a scratch, she dressed the "wound," then gave him aspirin to ease the pain even if he had none. Bobby never learned that falls, bruises, and pains are a necessary part of life. As an adult, he ran to doctors for treatment of the slightest ache. A hypochondriac, he lost several jobs because it seemed that he was always home "sick," treating trivial illnesses which others bear as a matter of course.

CECELIA'S mother decided to give her an allowance for her personal needs. The first week, she received her dollar and ran to the five-and-ten-cent store, spending it all on jewelry. The next day, she charmed her father into giving her another dollar. Soon the pattern was established. Although she was supposed to live within her allowance, every week her father found a reason to give her more than she was supposed to get.

Most parents wisely insist that if their youngsters spend their allowances before the end of the week, they must suffer the consequences. In this way they help their children learn how to manage money. But because her parents were too easy-going, Cecelia never learned this important lesson. The sad climax to her story was reached after

she was married. Her husband refused to put up with her extravagances and finally sought a divorce.

You will have to decide for yourself exactly where to draw the line between doing what is necessary for your child and doing too much for him. Here is a good rule: Let him do everything that he should be able to do at his age. To apply the rule, you need only to watch other children or read up on what normal youngsters do for themselves at each stage of their development.

A mother stands outside her home in a quiet Chicago suburb, watching her nine-year-old son playing on the street with others of his age. She warns him whenever a car approaches and stops him from running too fast, lest he fall and hurt himself. Of course, her son has long passed the age when he could take care of himself at play. She not only tries to do too much for him, but actually reminds him that she does not trust him to do unaided what other children can do for themselves. So she causes more harm than if she did too little.

A high-school sophomore could easily walk the two miles to his school each day. But he is allowed to sleep late each morning, and his mother drives him so he won't be punished for tardiness. The other day he screamed at his mother until she was in tears because the car was laid up and he had to walk.

Letting your child do what other youngsters of his age do sometimes requires much determination on your part. You must be willing to let him suffer minor defeats in order to profit from the experience.

For instance, he will often fall when he begins to walk. But he learns that he can get up and walk again as though nothing had happened—a lesson which will help him meet the inevitable disappointments and defeats he will face throughout his life.

The idea that children profit most when they are forced to accept responsibility equal to their age has been proved at every stage from the nursery to the altar. Pupils who receive the best marks at school almost always are those who are taught to do their assignments by themselves. College records show that the student who earns at least part of his expenses gains a better appreciation of the value of

higher education and usually graduates with good marks.

During World War II, Army psychiatrists learned to recognize that danger signals were flying when a young man came to the induction center escorted by his mother. Marriage counselors mark down sharply the prospects for happiness when the prospective bride or bridegroom insists upon living with parents; it's usually proof that the man or woman feels unqualified to handle everyday problems without help and depends too much upon the older generation to be a successful marriage partner. A major requirement for business executives is the ability to take initiative and to make decisions, and the youngster whose parents never allowed him to make his own decisions has little chance of getting ahead.

**H**OW MUCH freedom to allow your child should also depend upon his ability to accept it. Usually you can give him even more leeway than other children get without the risk that any mistakes will harm him seriously.

You may have to keep your foot down firmly when a matter of health may be involved, however, especially if your child's mistakes might be serious and perhaps long-lasting.

The insidious way that giving too much for your child hurts his own development was proved recently when civic leaders in a wealthy suburb of New York ran a survey to learn how graduates of their high school were performing in college. The children in this community are cared for like hot-house flowers. They receive extravagant allowances, wear expensive clothes, have the most modern playgrounds and supervisors directing almost every move. A usual present for the high-school graduate is a new convertible.

How do these highly-privileged youngsters fare when they compete with youngsters who have received less in a material sense but more opportunity to grow on their own? To the astonishment of the community officials, their averages were far below what would have been expected.

Despite all the gifts they received, these youngsters had not been prepared to stand on their own feet and to use their resources in meeting the challenges of college life. For in "giving them everything," their parents failed to give the most important gift of all—the opportunity to experience life's trials and disappointments and to strengthen their characters by overcoming them.

ROBERT P. ODENWALD, M.D., now a practicing psychiatrist, was formerly Professor of Psychiatry and Director of the Child Center at Catholic University, Washington, D.C.



# Family Life in India

Life is happy for the Pintos of Bombay, who want to steady their land in the midst of many great changes

The melancholic strains of Eric Pinto's guitar, left, fill his family's little apartment in Bombay, India. It is the night before Eric plans to leave home for the seminary. Friends and neighbors come to say good-by. There is gaiety and the group starts to dance. Eric has always loved parties, but tonight he doesn't want to dance. He sits, alone in the crowd, singing lilting ballads of the Konkany tongue of his childhood. Gradually, his melodic mood becomes the center of the party's attention as his friends realize they will not again be hearing Eric's sweet music. The story of Eric Pinto and his family is also occupying the attention of the Church in India, which sees a propitious moment to bring Christ to more Indians as old prejudices are cast aside and new ideas subjected to an open-minded scrutiny.

India's 5.7 million Catholics are only a tiny fraction of the nation's 415 million people, but the Faith, planted by the martyred St. Thomas in 52 A.D., is well rooted. Catholic increase is rapid (10 per cent in the past three years). The Church, however, faces antagonistic forces in the nationalistic government, which has cut the number of annual entry visas for foreign missionaries to a handful. More Indian priests are needed to replace the foreigners and to show that the conversion of the country will not mean the destruction of its ancient culture. Eric Pinto's family life has been Indian to the core. The Pintos of Bombay link India and Christ.

A SIGN PICTURE STORY • PHOTOS BY MARILYN SILVERSTONE



*In improvised chapel in Regent Hotel, serving as temporary parish church, Joseph Pinto, president, leads the Legion of Mary in prayer*



*Jeanette, 21, tries on a Punjabi dress and solicits the approval of her family*

Joseph and Kitty Pinto consider themselves lucky to have two-room apartment in space-starved Bombay

Eric is the second of the Pintos' nine children to leave home. Myrtle, 27, is married. The others range in age from 21 to four. Their two-room apartment seems incredibly small for such a large family, but there always seems to be room when guests call. The Pintos gave up their home when they were evacuated to southern India during World War II. Immense, cosmopolitan Bombay, the traditional gateway to India from the West, is now jammed with three million people. The Pintos live near Victoria Terminus, where Joseph Pinto works for the Central Railway.

All the children are blessed with musical talent, and any evening is apt to turn into a music festival—with other tenants in the building joining in. With Eric as their arranger and leader, some of the children have sung on the radio. They all speak English, a distinct advantage when looking for a job in Bombay.

Catholic education has been a tradition in the Pinto family. Myrtle and Eric graduated from St. Xavier's College. Jeanette, the third oldest, gave up a college education to save family finances for the younger children's schooling. Before Eric left, she typed his diary, a record that showed he had given serious thought to the question of his vocation.





Olive, 15, has true soprano voice; she entertains her mother by singing hymns



Wise and quiet, Mrs. Pinto stays close to her children. Here, she cooks evening meal of rice over a clay stove and kerosene burner



As the smaller children eat and Jeanette listens, Joseph Pinto, left, discusses Eric's vocation with parish priest

*A family friend bids Eric farewell as he leaves for the seminary in Lucknow. Mr. Pinto obtained rail passes and the entire family took two compartments and accompanied Eric on his two-day journey across India*



*Back home, the Pintos walk to morning Mass. By their conduct, they show the unfairness of Gandhi's sweeping criticism of Christianity. He said: "I like your Christ, but I dislike your Christians because they are so little like Christ"*



by Adrian Lynch, C.P.

# THE SIGNpost

## Jehovah's Witness and Bible

I work with a Jehovah's Witness who is constantly pestering me by quoting the text: "The soul that sinneth, the same shall die." (Ezech. 18, 4). He showed it to me in the Catholic Bible. If I explain that it means mortal sin, not physical death, he replies that I am changing what the Bible says. Please help me.—N. A., LIVONIA, MICH.

I suggest that you talk about the weather or some non-biblical subject. Discussions about the Bible with Jehovah's Witnesses are usually a waste of time even when they do not cause irritation. They have a zeal, but not according to knowledge. St. James calls it a "bitter zeal." And it is unbiblical, also. St. Peter says, "the unlearned and unstable misinterpret the Scriptures to their own destruction." Our Lord's advice may be followed here: "Let them alone, for they are blind and leaders of the blind; if the blind lead the blind, both fall into the ditch."

The Bible is the Church's book, and only the Church is commissioned to gather the inspired writings and interpret them infallibly. Only to the Church did Christ give the divine mandate "to teach all nations and to preach the Gospel to every creature."

Your explanation is the correct one. The context warns that each man must answer for his own sins. That death in the text refers to spiritual death is clear from the words, "he is dead in his iniquity. . . . But if the wicked do penance for all his sins and do judgment and justice, living he shall live and shall not die." (Ezech. 18:18, 21) Christ died on the cross to give supernatural life to those who are "dead in sin." The principal object of the Church is to sanctify and save sinners from eternal death.

## Age of World and Man

When I was at the Grand Canyon a few years ago, the guide said it took about 300 million years for the river to cut through the rock. How could this be, since we were taught in school that God created the world about 6,000 years ago? The same question came up when I read that another pre-historic man was dug up somewhere, who was buried about 100,000 or more years ago. Please explain what the Catholic Church has to say about this matter.—P. S., NEW YORK, N. Y.

The age of the world and the age of man are scientific questions and do not pertain directly to the content of Divine Revelation. The Catholic Church has no definite doctrine about them, because they are not within her province. What you were taught about the age of the world was once a popular estimate, but you were truly informed about God's being its Creator. Modern scientists reckon the age of the world in millions—even billions—of years. Man is also much older than popular estimates by thousands—even hundreds of thousands of years. Paleontologists consider man to be at least 200,000 years old.

The Church will receive evidence supplied by science, but whatever is proved in these matters will not change one iota of the Creed of the Church, that both the world and man were created by God.

## Lutheran Marriages

Does the Catholic Church accept Lutheran marriages?—R. V. B., BERKLY, MICH.

The Church laws regarding marriage are intended primarily for her own subjects. She recognizes as valid marriages between two non-Catholics and between two unbaptized persons, no matter before whom they are contracted, supposing they are free to marry each other. But when a Catholic attempts to marry outside the Church, that is, without observing the proper form before an authorized priest and at least two witnesses, the marriage in her eyes is invalid. This would be the case of a Catholic attempting marriage to a Lutheran before a Lutheran minister. The marriage between a Lutheran and a Catholic before a Catholic priest, after the requisite dispensation has been granted, would be valid.

## Abstinence

An argument usually arises about what is allowed on abstinence days. Is it permitted to eat baked beans prepared with bacon and food with bacon drippings? May one eat Jello and gelatine on Fridays?—J. B., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

The law of abstinence forbids flesh meat and broth made from meat, but not eggs, milk, or seasoning made from the fat of animals. (Canon 1250) Hence, one may use rendered lard, not only to prepare food but also as a spread. Also lawful are margarine and meat extracts that have lost the taste of meat or broth, e.g., gelatine and jellies made of animal bones, but not soup cubes that contain meat ingredients. Bacon drippings may be used in cooking baked beans on abstinence days for flavor.

## Certainty Of Salvation

Father Narciso Irala, S. J., in his excellent book Achieving Peace of Heart on page 94 writes: "One should be content with human security about salvation. . . . One should not attempt to have the kind of security or certitude proper to God's knowledge or that of man in heaven—the kind that excludes all possibility of the opposite." Certainly, an admission of the "possibility of the opposite" would shock many a Catholic and surprise, even ingratiate, many an atheist."—NEW YORK, N. Y.

The "possibility of the opposite" in the last sentence of the quotation does not refer to truths of faith, but rather, in the case of those in the world, or "wayfarers," to the possibility of not being saved. Man as a wayfarer must work out his salvation in "fear and trembling," as Saint Paul says, which implies that he cannot be absolutely sure of attaining it.



However, there is a quiet confidence of being saved, which is the effect of a good conscience. In Saint John's words, "If our heart reprobates us not, we have confidence toward God." (I John 3:21). The warning of Saint Peter applies here: "Wherefore, labor the more, that by good works you may make sure your calling and election." (2 Pet. 1:10).

#### **Devil Worship In USA**

*Are there any instances of devil worship in the United States? If so, where?*—PATERSON, N. J.

I have never heard of an instance of devil worship in the U.S., but since this country is considered to have a favorable climate for all kinds of exotic and crazy cults, it would not surprise me if the devil himself has devoted clients.

#### **Rosary Of St. Bridget: Seven Dolor Beads**

(1) *Please tell me what are the indulgences attached to the rosary of St. Bridget. (2) Must a Servite Father bless the Seven Dolor Beads in order to gain the indulgences attached to them?*—BELLAIRE, O.

(1) The Rosary of St. Bridget is one of six decades and in reciting each decade the Apostles' Creed must be added to the Our Father and Hail Marys. Special faculties are required to attach the following indulgences: 100 days for each Our Father, Hail Mary, and Creed for those who recite at least five decades; a plenary indulgence once a month on a day of your choice, provided you say at least a third part of the rosary daily; a plenary indulgence at the moment of death for those who recited this rosary at least once a week; another plenary indulgence on the feast of St. Bridget for those who said it at least once a week. The Holy See has granted the indulgences of this rosary to be attached to the ordinary rosary. The Creed must be added at the end of each decade.

(2) The Beads of the Seven Dolors must be blessed by a Servite priest or by one who has received the faculty to do so. The petition for this faculty should be addressed to the V. Rev. Father Provincial, O.S.M., 3121 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago 12, Ill.

#### **Servers Wearing Gloves**

*While attending Mass in a church in Michigan recently, I noted that the altar boys wore white gloves. Is this a custom pertaining to a certain congregation?*—DETROIT, MICH.

The liturgy supposes the server of Mass to be a cleric, one at least in the minor order of acolyte, but lacking a cleric a layman is allowed to act in this capacity. Since adults are difficult to get, the office is usually committed to boys.

"Altar boys may not wear gloves while serving at any sacred function. The reason for this prohibition is because gloves are part of the distinctive dress of a Bishop and of certain privileged prelates." (Matters Liturgical, n. 186).

#### **Obligation Of Patient To Physician**

*What moral obligations do we have to follow the directions of a physician? Is it a sin if we fail to take the medicine prescribed or check back with him and then we become ill because of this?*

Patients who approach a physician for medical treatment enter into a tacit contract by which the latter agrees to give medical treatment and the former to pay the fee for it. There is not established any relationship by which the patient agrees to become subject to the physician in the moral order. Patients who neglect to follow the advice and take

the medicine prescribed may be guilty of imprudence, which ordinarily would be a minor fault, though the M.D. might look on it in another light.

#### **Marriage Of Cousins**

*What is the Catholic attitude toward the marriage of cousins?*—MILWAUKEE, WIS.

The Canon Law (Canon 1076) declares that consanguinity, or blood relationship, invalidates marriage in all degrees of the direct line and to the third degree inclusive of the collateral line. Formerly the impediment extended to the fourth degree or third cousins. The reasons for the impediment existing between cousins are of a (a) social, (b) moral, and (c) physical character. (a) The social order is better served if those closely related do not marry; (b) the prohibition of their marriage serves as a barrier to immorality and strengthens mutual respect; (c) nature itself frequently reveals its opposition to such unions because of the likelihood of defects in the offspring, if there are any.

#### **Mass Baptisms**

*Do you approve of mass baptisms such as I witnessed? Twenty couples of godparents, each with an infant, and a single priest who baptized them all. Parts of the beautiful ceremony were skipped over and the solemn dialogue between priest and godparent deprived of its meaning. Is this not an example of haste so common in this country?*—YORKTOWN HEIGHTS, N. Y.



There is nothing in the doctrine of the Catholic Church which limits the number of baptisms to be administered by one priest at one time. Twenty children are very few in comparison with the three thousand baptized by St. Peter "in one day." (Acts 2:41) Presumably, the chief of the Apostles and head of the Church was assisted by others, but it is very probable that he personally baptized more than twenty.

Of course, the baptizing priest is expected to observe the ritual with due reverence, whether he baptizes one or twenty.

#### **Catholics And Masons**

*A thirty-second-degree Mason told me that the Catholic Church has no objection to Catholics joining the Masons in France and the Philippines, on account of a special dispensation from the Holy See. Is there any truth about this?*—SIDNEY CENTER, N. Y.

None whatever. The prohibition against Catholics joining the Society of Freemasons is world-wide. There are no dispensations granted in favor of certain countries.

#### **Play Ratings**

*Would one be guilty of grave sin if he did not follow the rating of plays given by Mr. Jerry Cotter in THE SIGN?*—CAL.

The classification of current plays by Catholic critics, as our Mr. Cotter, is a prudent judgment of their moral character by competent judges. They take all circumstances into consideration, but the moral quality is uppermost. Their evaluations are worthy of respect and the faithful are well advised to follow them.

However, these critics have no authority to command obedience to their warnings and it is risky to say that non-compliance therewith would necessarily be sinful. Too many factors are involved.

### Bulla Cruciate

Please tell me what the Bulla Cruciate is. I am especially interested in that part dealing with the dispensation from most of the regular abstinence days. Do Peruvians enjoy its concessions when in this country?—AUGUSTA, GA.

The Bulla Cruciate, or Bull of the Crusades, is a papal document granted to Spain, which contains many concessions in regard to common law. It was originally granted to those who fought against the infidel invaders of Spain. It is renewed from time to time. All who live in Spain or in places subject to Spain (e.g., Balearic Islands) are embraced in the concessions. With reference to days of abstinence from flesh meat, the Bull obliges to abstinence only on three Fridays of the Ember Days of Pentecost, September, and Advent; abstinence and fast on the seven Fridays of Lent, and the three vigils of Pentecost, Assumption, and Christmas; fasting only on the seven Wednesdays and seven Saturdays of Lent.

The Bull must be applied for annually and the alms given according to one's status, the poor receiving it gratis. Visitors to Spain may also enjoy the concessions, if they apply for it. Spaniards may use the privileges outside Spain, if it does not give scandal. To obviate this result they are advised to carry their document with them.

As Peru is no longer subject to the dominion of Spain, but independent, it does not enjoy the concession of the Bull. However, it may enjoy other concessions from another title. This matter is difficult and I have no certain data about it.

### Gregorian Masses

Please inform me about the legend of the Gregorian Masses.—K. V. D., POINT PLEASANT, N. J.



Pope St. Gregory in his *Dialogue* said that, when he was abbot of the Benedictine Monastery in Rome, a monk was found at death to have violated poverty because of a small sum of money found in his cell. Thinking that this violation would prevent the monk's entrance into Heaven, "where nothing defiled shall enter," he arranged to have Masses offered for his soul on thirty consecutive days, at the end of which he said the monk appeared to him in a vision and revealed that he was in heaven.

The Church approves the confidence of the faithful in the efficacy of thirty consecutive Masses offered up for an individual departed soul. It is popularly believed that this series of Masses is accepted by God in satisfaction for the punishment which must be undergone by the deceased and the soul freed from Purgatory on the thirtieth day, because of the special intercession of St. Gregory.

### Secular Institutes

Please tell me what a secular institute is and how it differs from a pious society that is going to become a religious order.—BALBOA, C. Z.

Secular institutes are societies, both clerical and lay, whose members seek Christian perfection by observing the evangelical counsels and dedicating themselves to works of charity and the apostolate in the world. This dedication is made by private vow or oath or consecration.

These institutes differ from formal religious orders or congregations in that they do not live a community life in convent or monastery and do not wear a distinctive habit.

Lay members engage in secular occupations for their livelihood. It may happen that the success of an institute prompts the members to form a formal religious society, according to the laws of the Church relating to religious life.

There are several secular institutes throughout the world, a few of them in the United States. Information about them can be obtained from Holy Name College, 14th and Shepherd Sts., N. E., Washington 17, D. C.

### Saints and Care of Body

Since it is sinful not to take care of our bodies by treating sickness, would it not be sinful also for the saints? I am thinking of Saint Thérèse of Lisieux, who had several illnesses and didn't inform her superiors.—DULUTH, MINN.

It is true that we are obliged to take at least ordinary care of our bodies by virtue of the natural law (reason) and the divine law. This is the positive side of the Fifth Commandment, "Thou shalt not kill." It obliges holy people as well as ordinary mortals.

Saint Thérèse did inform the Prioress, Marie de Gonzague, about her spitting blood but at the same time asked her to be allowed to follow the common routine of the convent, as she felt no pain or fatigue. Never one to pamper, the Prioress accepted Thérèse's assurance, which was confirmed by the community's physician, who was gravely mistaken, as events proved. The Saint, however, seemed wanting in prudence by not revealing to her superior the alarming progress of her sickness.

### Division of Commandments

Why is it that the divine commandments are not numbered in Catholic Bibles as they are in Protestant and Jewish Bibles?—S. H., SAN DIEGO, CAL.

The Ten Commandments are substantially the same in Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish versions of the Bible. The difference between the Catholic and the other versions is simply in their enumeration or division. The Bible itself does not attach numbers to the Commandments. The Catholic version follows the division made by St. Augustine in the fourth century. He joined the prohibition of false worship and idolatry in the first commandment and separated the interior sins of lust and covetousness into the ninth and tenth precepts. The Protestant version makes two of the one prohibition of false worship and one commandment of the two distinct precepts of adultery and theft. The Catholic version seems more logical.

This is really a minor difference, though it is a cause of confusion and annoyance. Uniformity would be a benefit. The real problem is the observance of the divine law, no matter how the precepts are numbered.

### "Retarded Saints"

I read a speech delivered at a Catholic convention that retarded children are the "most probable saints of God." I have also heard the same thing hinted at by some religious. Is this not a pious but rather dangerous fallacy? —PHILADELPHIA, PA.

It is risky to interpret a sentence taken from a speech without knowing the context. As it stands, one's reaction to it will depend on the reasons given for it. Are there any reasons? Are the reasons solid and convincing? What did the speaker mean by saints? That the speaker intended to offer consolation to parents of handicapped and retarded children is a valid inference. Such parents deserve sympathy, for they bear a heavy cross.



In Times Square, Ellen Sullivan explains to a gathering crowd the Church's teachings



## CHRIST'S SPOKESMEN IN TIMES SQUARE

*How does it feel to get up  
on a street corner and talk about religion? The Catholic  
Evidence Guild does it regularly*

BY DOUGLAS J. ROCHE

IT IS EIGHT O'CLOCK on a Saturday night in Times Square, New York's Great White Way. The crisp wind of late fall whisks along streets nearly as bright as day and crowded with theater-goers, tourists, and that breed of confirmed New Yorkers irresistibly drawn to the cosmopolitan pageantry of "Forty-second Street and old Broadway." Close by this famous corner, a little group of men and women, carrying a collapsible platform, thread through the throngs, passing beneath the blinking lights signalling the *New York Times* news.

They set up the platform on the edge of the sidewalk on Forty-second Street, between Broadway and Sixth Avenue, as a comical chef whirls a pizza high in the air in a restaurant window a few

feet away. Buses and taxis roar by. The crowd has scarcely begun to take notice of the group when a slender, blonde woman, who has phoned the weather bureau twice during the afternoon with the unspoken hope that rain was imminent, mounts the platform and says, "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. My name is Ellen Sullivan and I am president of the Catholic Evidence Guild of New York."

About twenty-five persons have stopped and strain to hear Ellen's voice over the babble of street sounds as she says, "I want to tell you why Catholics claim that the Catholic Church is the only church established by God." Without notes or hesitation, she begins to speak simply and with conviction about

Christ's words to Peter. Poised and chic at thirty, she is attractively clad in blue dress and camel-hair coat. The American flag flutters beside her and the platform bears the name of the guild in large letters.

"This is the first time I've ever seen Catholics street-preaching," a man in the crowd says to a friend. "I've heard people of other religions ranting and raving, but they didn't have the sincerity of this girl. No one wants to heckle her."

His comment is a bit premature, for no sooner has Ellen finished her ten-minute talk than a bearded young man sneers, "Why don't you go down on the Bowery and preach?"

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you see she's trying to explain something. Now, Miss, I want to ask you a question. Why does the Roman Catholic Church make you tell your sins to a priest rather than directly to Christ Himself?"

And with that favorite question in the non-Catholic mind, a fast-paced, question-and-answer session is launched. The crowd now numbers well over one hundred. Some sailors and their girls have stopped. A few old ladies and some well-dressed men and women. There is a wide range in the color of the people's skin. A gang of teen-agers goes by, not paying much attention to the crowd. Some of the crowd continue on their way; newcomers stop and listen quietly.

This is Catholicism in the marketplace.

It is brought there by twenty-five men and women of New York's Catholic Evidence Guild—most of whom are as nervous as the stars before opening night in the nearby Broadway theaters—who see the opportunity of bringing the truth of Christ to people who would never dream of going near a Catholic Church, much less a priest, or even a Catholic information center.

Street preaching might qualify as the strangest form of Catholic Action today. Not only does it require intensive intellectual preparation, but it both attracts and repels many of its adherents. "The thought of getting up on a street corner to talk religion to a crowd terrifies me," says Bob Moran, a twenty-four-year-old public relations man and vice-president of the guild. "Yet, after I get warmed up and see how responsive people are, I know I have to keep doing this work." "People are starved for the truth about religion," adds Ellen Sulli-

van. "Talking to them on the street corner is like feeding them."

Street preaching in America is not new. It was begun in 1917 by two celebrated converts, Martha Moore Avery and David Goldstein. The New York guild was founded in 1928. Other guilds have operated in several U.S. centers, such as Washington, Baltimore, Atlantic City, and New Orleans. Street preaching in London, England, dates back to the late nineteenth century. Three of the famous names connected with this work are the late Father Vincent McNabb, an eloquent Dominican, Frank Sheed, the only layman ever to receive a Doctorate in Sacred Theology, and his wife, Maisie Ward (Sheed & Ward is their publishing house).

The movement has picked up momentum in New York of late, thanks largely to the number of young men and women who have joined forces with a core of seasoned veterans and also to the Guild's move into Times Square. Formerly, guild members, augmented by seminarians, spoke only in the summer months in such areas as Wall Street and the upper East Side. A two-hour meeting every Saturday and Sunday night around the year (except in stormy weather) was scheduled for Times Square about a year ago. This addition was exactly what the guild needed, says Mrs. Sheed, because more people have come to know when and where talks about the Catholic Church are given.

The guild began speaking in Times Square to counteract the attacks made against the Holy Eucharist by speakers from one of the sects that can be heard along Broadway and Seventh Avenue. Many Catholics, of course, look askance at the exposition of Catholic beliefs in public—forgetful that the serene and

knowledgeable approach of the Catholic Evidence speakers has been a widely noticed contrast with speakers from other religions. One night, as Ellen Sullivan stepped down from the platform, a man rushed up to her and said, "You people are going to get into trouble when Cardinal Spellman hears what's going on here." Miss Sullivan calmly pointed out that Cardinal Spellman is the group's honorary president.

Mrs. Sheed, who with her husband has forty years' experience in street preaching, finds the atmosphere of the Times Square crowd stimulating. She frequently spots the same people returning to stand on the cold pavement for the full two hours. "Times Square is a speaker's dream," she says. "It's an ideal place to collect a crowd, and the police don't interfere." Actually, the guild has a license from the New York Police Department.

Frank Sheed prefers to speak in the Wall Street area, where questions come from men "with more precise minds. Some men ask questions on religion as if they were going to make a deal with you."

The aplomb, wisdom, and sparkle of the Sheeds on the platform are the envy of the other guild members. Not even the realization one night that he was standing under a movie marquee, *White Man Among Native Amazons*, could shake Frank Sheed's composure. Though another time, when the restaurant beside a guild meeting-place was robbed, the shouts after the thief proved an overwhelming distraction for the crowd.

Although guild speakers have to be prepared to handle hecklers, the American sense of fair play prevails at most meetings. American crowds far surpass English and Australian crowds in

*American sense of fair play prevails. Hecklers are few; Guild speakers well prepared*



politeness, Frank Sheed points out. "In America, they call me professor; in England, a liar."

The same questions about the Church come from crowds on all three continents, however. Why is the priest a mediator between man and Christ? Why pray to the saints? How can the Pope be infallible? How could Mary have borne a child and retained virginity? Can you get a marriage annulled by the Church if you have enough money?

THE religious illiteracy of the times not only demands such an apostolate as street preaching, where a man speaks to his neighbor under the Gospel directive, but it also conditions the manner of the speaker who would convert. For the street speaker today faces a public that is less hostile to Catholicism than apathetic, less affected by proof than by simple exposition. "Protestantism," Mr. and Mrs. Sheed have written in their book *Catholic Evidence Training Outlines*, "is not what the speaker faces in the crowd, but the Church's age-old enemy, inertia."

They point out that if a man doesn't fully understand what is meant by God, what is the use in proving to him that there is one? Or if a man doesn't know the immense richness of what virginity signifies and implies about the whole meaning of life, what is the use of establishing that Our Lady was a virgin? The work, then, of showing what a doctrine means is the speaker's principal occupation on the platform. He must talk to crowds as if he were addressing totally uninstructed Catholics.

Thorough preparation of members before they are allowed to take to the streets has been a hallmark of the New York guild. It takes nearly a year before a new member can give his first talk. In fact, Father Francis P. LeBuffe, S.J., the guild's first moderator, told the 1928 pioneers that it would take ten years to give them the theological depth necessary to face a crowd. The first members went on the radio in 1931 and began addressing all manner of Catholic organizations to polish their talks. It wasn't until 1936 that James V. Hayes delivered the guild's maiden speech in Columbus Circle, at that time a forum for radicals and hecklers. The careful preparation paid off, for Hayes and the group that followed him commanded respect.

To be accepted into the guild today, a candidate must suffer with a smile the insults, barbs, and trick questions of guild members during practice talks before them. The heckling is merciless—much worse, in fact, than he will ever likely encounter on the street—and he must prove that his temper doesn't have

a low boiling point. Each talk is followed by group criticism. A novice has to have determination to persevere. After the candidate has schooled himself in a particular dogma for nine months at weekly training sessions, he must go before a board of examiners, headed by Father Patrick Barry, archdiocesan director of the guild, and pass an oral, comprehensive examination on the subject. If he passes, he is assigned to talk on that subject at specific times. To build up a "repertoire" of subjects, the member must go through the same procedure for each one.

"It's certainly a tough grind," says the director, "but we can't take any chances with the quality of our members. It's really a great thing to be able to stop one hundred people or more on a sidewalk and get them to listen, think, and ask questions about the Church. Nothing is gained if our speakers get into an argument with the crowd. Conversions aren't made by arguments."

The rigor of the training plus the pre-speech nervousness of most guildsmen make it a small wonder that the guild has any members at all. Yet, from out of the ranks of young, Catholic, educated America, is coming an increasing number of applicants. "We think," says Ellen Sullivan, "that this is one of the greatest things a layman can do to spread the Faith. But as to what kind of people we are, well, we're really very ordinary."

This is clearly an understatement, even though the occupations of the members—accountant, student, writer, insurance agent, editor, typist, lawyer—are a cross-section of the public. Most of the members are daily communicants, they spend an hour before the Blessed Sacrament for each hour on the platform, their days of recollection are frequent, and the relaxed conversation of any number of them is likely to delve into obscure chapters of Church history and the finest points of doctrine.

Ellen Sullivan herself is publicity director for the *Catholic Digest*. She is a graduate of Fordham University, where she received her M.A. in Journalism and worked for the *Pilot*, Boston's archdiocesan paper, before heading for newspaper work in Europe. She spent two years with a German family to learn the language.

Her first contact with guild work was during a visit to London, when she watched the Westminster Guild in action in Hyde Park. She joined the New York guild on her return in 1956 and so far has passed examinations on the Mass, "What Happens After Death," and Suffering, as well as Christ's founding of the Church.

St. Thérèse of Lisieux ("who was not

the meek and mild thing that she is often thought of") has influenced Ellen's approach to life. The rosary and Compline she and her two sisters said every night with their mother while Ellen was growing up was another factor in her development. "A layman can find sanctity in the world without false piety." The sight of a young woman on a street platform is a bit unusual, she concedes. A vision that doubtless prompted the remark of a male listener one night, "For a girl, you're pretty intelligent."

Ellen speaks two to three times a month during the fall, winter, and spring, more frequently during the heavier summer schedule. Each public meeting has two speakers. What the cumulative effect of the talks given by all the members is—only God knows. It is impossible to trace the good that comes from them.

The best that can be said is that the talks stimulate people to look at the Catholic Church with a clearer view—perhaps one devoid of previous misconceptions and prejudices. Father Eugene K. Culhane, managing editor of *America* and a former guild moderator, recalls spotting an interested husband and wife at a meeting several years ago, which he attended in lay clothes. He told the couple that he happened to have a pamphlet on the subject under discussion which he would be glad to send them. They accepted the offer. Time passed and one day, on an instinct, the priest visited them, dressed in clerical clothes. He found out the woman was a non-Catholic and her husband a Catholic who had never bothered to explain the religion to his wife. Later on, Father Culhane baptized the woman.

THERE have been other cases of Jewish converts and even Trappist monks citing the guild talks as an influence in their lives. One time, the New York guild coded the pamphlets (directing the public to a Catholic information center) which are handed out at each meeting and later learned that 3 per cent of the pamphlets turned up at the information center.

The main job of the guild is to be an "active presence" of Christ in the community, not to try to count the conversions. Sadly, there is nothing to bring non-Catholics into the Church, nothing even to make them ask for instruction, unless someone tells them what God is and what difference that fact makes in their lives. The Catholic Evidence Guild wants to teach all nations. One of the most challenging classrooms is the raucous world of Times Square, New York.

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# WOMAN to WOMAN

BY KATHERINE BURTON

## Forms of Sport

I have always been a laggard in the matter of sports. As a small child, I lived next door to a retired banker who interested me in his two forms of sport. One was fishing in a small, artificial lake on his estate; his gardener had previously stocked it with fish. When they grew large enough we sat side by side fishing for them. He also had a bowling alley of his own; he had a ball made to fit my ten-year-old hand. I bowled alone sometimes, blowing the little horn which summoned the gardener's son to set up the pins for me.

These two slightly exotic forms of sport were all my early youth knew. Later I became an indifferent tennis-player and for a brief period played a stupid game called basketball for girls. Walking I have always liked, but only if I am going somewhere. This striding purposefully to nowhere has always seemed singularly boring to me. I have ever been one for objectives.

One form of sport—I call it such—which I do like is weeding. I like this because you get somewhere; you see results. I have cut my lawn now and then too. It is a very ordinary one with crab grass as its specialty—a nice form of grass, I maintain, if only you cut it often enough.

This last summer I learned with what remarkable speed things can grow. In a few weeks a plant that looks like phlox and so is left unpulled can grow two feet; by that time even I can see it is not phlox. Little oak and maple trees shoot up, and they have very resistant roots.

When one's work is the sedentary one of writing, it is fine to have an avocation like some good outdoor activity for flexing muscles and clearing the mind for the next bout with the typewriter. With that idea in mind and after taking a look at the tangled wildwood that represented my yard after an unattended month or so, I set forth to help the struggling late summer plants. It would make my Garden Club neighbors happy and make me feel less guilty when I looked from my windows at their bent backs, their busy fingers.

## All-out Clean-up

Hitherto I had been content merely to weed. This time I planned really to clear up. Armed with the customary weapons—leaf rake, clippers, shears, a small saw, cotton gloves—I started out. For awhile it was fun. As I worked, I began to dream about the novel I have been meaning to write these many years, and the plot grew in my mind while the pile of weeds grew under my hands. To exercise mind and body at the same time is exhilarating.

I might have known it would not be so easy. I had evidently set another plot in motion and others were writing the scenario.

Two small trees had taken advantage of garden neglect and were growing right in a flower bed. I went after them with my little saw and felled the first one easily. The second came harder. As it fell it dropped against my cheek. It smarted a little but I am a hardy soul and paid no attention. Next I picked up a fairly large stone and set it on the wall. It fell over and hit my finger. This hurt and I glanced at it; already

the nail was darkening to that unpleasant color known as livid. I went to the house to put a bandaid on it; looking in the mirror I was amazed to find one side of my face with a dark mark on it. I tried to rub it off. It did not rub off.

Neither injury was painful, so I went on with my work. Everyone has little accidents, I told myself. I raked a pile of early fallen leaves together and put them in the wire container. I ignited them and they burned fast. There is no lovelier sight on a day without sun than flaming leaves. You think of bits of poems learned in high school and franks on sticks at Compo Beach in the days when they let you build fires on the sand. I stood and dreamed happily. The fire was dying down and I poked it with a stick. It responded and suddenly I heard a loud crack and several burning bits of wood flew out. I felt a searing pain on my instep. I shook off my sneaker only to find a piece of burning wood clinging to me. It had shredded my stocking and burned quite deeply into me, and this time it really hurt.

## The Unhappy Ending

It seemed about time to call it an afternoon and get back to the typewriter, which at least never hits back. However, as I walked to the house, I saw vines drooping over one end of the stone wall. They had evidently been long uncut and I thought I might as well do this one small job before I quit. With my clippers I went to work, yanking off the cut pieces and rejoicing at the neat look I was producing. With no warning something hit my hand and at the same time something bit my lip. Suddenly I knew what it was. I had evidently disturbed some bees—or, much worse, hornets, an unpleasant form of insect which insists on lingering around our house even though discouraged by boiling water.

More and more kept coming out of the wall and I beat at them frantically. Then, utterly defeated, I ran for the house. My lip really hurt now and so did my wrist, but I must have flailed well for no others pursued me. In the house I examined all my wounds more closely. One reads in poems about lips looking bee-stung as a sign of beauty. As a phrase, that may be all right; as fact, it is not so good. My lips were merely badly swollen. I knew mud was the classic thing to apply, but I had no time to find mud so I used a salve. When I shook my head two dead bees fell out of my hair and I surveyed them with pleasure. My first thought was that I had held my own, and my second was that they were not hornets. Later I went back to look at their place on the wall and found a few bees still flying about conversing in buzzing annoyance, no doubt about me.

I admitted defeat. A tree hit me, leaves rose to burn me, a stone banged me, bees stung me. I decided that nature and her minions, mineral, vegetable and animal, can have the garden.

Bea Lillie sings a sweet song about fairies at the bottom of her garden and one gathers that they are pleasant little things to have around. I am afraid mine are a different kind. Mine are the little people and a very vindictive set with no respect for me and the fact that I pay the taxes and they are assuming squatters' rights.



KELLER STUDIO

*The Gibsons of Cincinnati: happiness and sacrifice go together*

## BLESSINGS & DOLLARS

In the Gibson family of Cincinnati, O., every new baby means another dollar a month for Maryknoll missions. Which means that, at present, the missions are collecting \$9 a month from the existence of (in the photo above) Jim, 18, Jean, 13, Joan, 11, Julie, 3, Jeffy, 5, Jerry, 6, Joe, 8, Jenny, 1, and June, 16. The Gibsons started the practice ten years ago "in thanksgiving for our countless blessings." Three years ago, Delmar Gibson, a transport truck driver, entered the Church, and last year his menage was named Family of the Year by the Xavier University Family Life Institute. Both husband and wife belong to the Third Order of St. Francis and numerous community organizations. "Our family," says Gibson, "prays, works, and plays together. Each child, as soon as he is able, leads a decade of the rosary. The two oldest children support themselves as well as going to school." And the mission money comes from the savings through home canning, baking, freezing, and powdered milk.

The  
Sign's  
People  
of the  
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Angela and Armando Sonaggere in India: satisfaction in giving aid

## "WARM-HEARTED" AMERICANS

When the Dalai Lama of Tibet and 14,000 of his people fled from the Chinese Communists last year and took refuge in northern India, the Catholic Relief Services—NCWC rushed to the area with \$75,000 worth of clothing and bedding; huge loads of powdered milk and wheat grain were supplied to the Indian Red Cross for distribution. The man who carried out this task and who relayed the Dalai Lama's thanks to the Church was Amundo (Monty) Sonaggere, CRS program director in India. Sonaggere and his wife, Angela, a nurse, form a team operation for CRS—she supervises the agency's medical projects in India. In Delhi, their headquarters for the past two years, they're known as the "warm-hearted Americans." With no children, they are able to devote themselves to humanitarian work; their previous posting for CRS was in South Korea. "There is a great satisfaction," says Sonaggere, whose U.S. home is in Fairview, N.J., "in fulfilling the policies of the Church and the U.S. government."

Is the Passion of Christ  
outside us and outside our  
time and also outside our  
place and nation, even out-  
side our lives? No, it is not



## and THERE

by ROBERT O'HARA, C.P.

Midway through the third decade of the first century of our present era, Our Blessed Lord ascended into heaven and left the Apostles to make their way in the world without His visible presence to strengthen them. They scattered across the known world, reaching Spain in one direction and far-off India in the other, before one by one they went home to the Master by cross and sword.

The Gospels and Epistles give us an excellent idea of just what the message was that they brought to their pagan audience, the message which slowly but inevitably changed the world. It is noteworthy that whether we consult St. Matthew's Gospel, which was the first to make its appearance, or St. John's which was the last, we find that each devotes a significantly large portion to the account of the Passion and Death of Christ. Although written with a verbal artistry that has never been equalled, these Gospel accounts are not designedly rhetorical. There is no attempt to pause in the story to describe the setting, no attempt to interpret Our Lord's thoughts and feel-

ings, no obvious attempt to point a moral. These accounts are not meditations or "elevations." With a directness, a simplicity, a starkness that is cumulatively crushing, the evangelists give the world the facts, just the facts, of how Christ was betrayed, what and how He suffered, and that He died.

Apart from the intrinsic quality of all this, it is clear, just from the amount of space they assigned to the telling of this fact, that they looked upon the fact of His death on the Cross as the fact which gave meaning and purpose to all the others. Without it, there is no point to the story, no achievement to the life. In the case of many men, life's ending appears illogical, anticlimactic, absurd. Not so in His case. Rather, the life, which in its beginnings gladdened the world, and in its maturity startled and stirred the world, ended in a climax of heroism and grandeur that shattered hell and shook the stars and broke the hearts of hardened men.

Armed with this story, the Apostles went forth to conquer the world, as St. Paul stresses, "not with pretentious speech or wisdom announcing unto

you the witness of Christ. For I determined not to know anything among you, except Jesus Christ and Him crucified." Again, he hammered home this truth to the Corinthians, proclaiming that "the Jews ask for signs, and the Greeks look for wisdom; but we, for our part, preach a crucified Christ —to the Jews indeed a shocking thing, to the Greeks a silly thing, but to those who are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ, the power of God and the wisdom of God."

It is the fact of the Passion and Death of Christ for us that makes us what we are, His disciples, His grateful brethren, the redeemed of God. However, there are problems here. All this took place on the other side of the world, on the other side of time. We are nineteen centuries and thousands of miles removed from the Paschal season when He died on across outside the walls of Jerusalem, when the veil of the Temple split from top to bottom, and when the sky darkened and the earth broke open at the horror that had taken place there and then. Since forces have a way of losing their

strength and impact as they move from their points of origin, one might speculate that this might be true also of the Passion of Christ, that, in time, its power might spend itself. Our problem, then, would be to get into immediate contact with the reality at its source.

Naturally, we can make our memories serve this purpose. We can recall what happened, just as we might recall what happened when Caesar fell beneath the traitorous daggers on the Ides of March. We can do that, but it is not enough. We can also make our imaginations work for us; we can conjure up, like scenes in a Passion Play, each incident with each minor detail, if any such details can be called minor. We can thus make the whole thing live again in our imaginations.

However, is that all we can do? There are, indeed, those who would assure us that all we need do, and all we can do, is to take the accounts of the Passion in the Gospels, read them prayerfully, and depend upon the Holy Spirit to burn into our souls the meaning and power of it all. The Book and the Spirit will bring it home to our individual selves. They argue that this happened in the long ago, in a distant place, once and for all. No contact is possible, except through our personal trust in the bald fact that it happened for each one of us.

Is that the way it is? Is the Passion of Christ completely outside us, outside our time, outside our place and nation, outside our lives?

Most assuredly no. The Passion is not only then; it is now. It is not only there; it is here. It is not only He; it is we. An understanding of this truth is absolutely necessary. If we misunderstand the workings of our redemption, we may fail to profit by it at all.

It is not only possible, it is necessary for us to establish an organic unity with our Saviour, an inner oneness with Him. To illustrate this mysterious union, Our Blessed Lord made use of the figure of the vine and its branches, emphasizing that if we are not joined with the vine, we shall be "cast outside as the branch and wither." St. Paul expressed the same truth by means of another figure of speech, this time declaring that Christ is the Head and we are the Body. St. Augustine made the idea explicit by stating that the whole Christ is not the Head alone nor the Body but the Head and the Body. The doctrine is summed up for us in these words of St. Thomas Aquinas: "Just as the natural body is one though made up of different members, so the whole Church, Christ's mystical body, is considered to be one person with its head, which is Christ . . . Head and

members make up, as it were, one mystic person; and therefore Christ's satisfaction belongs to all the faithful as being His members. . . . Moreover, just as a man can make good with one hand the damage done by the other, so He who is our head, through the Passion which He endured through love and obedience, has delivered us from our sins."

In a real way, then, it is possible for us to establish communion with the Crucified to such a degree that we, as it were, hung and died on the Cross, and all the infinite merits of that sacrifice became our own for pardon and holiness. Our contact with the Passion is not just from without. His Passion is not completely external to us. The proclamation of it, be it through book or spoken word, is not our only point of contact with it. We must come to know the story of His death, but once we have learned this history which gives purpose to all history, we are then prepared to become part of the very mechanism of redemption, to become identified with the Redeemer, and thus to be redeemed and, in turn, redeemers. Pope Pius XII, in his

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• There is something in humility which strangely exalts the heart.—St. Augustine

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Encyclical, *Mystici Corporis*, teaches: "To us it has been granted to collaborate with Christ in this work of salvation, 'from one and through one saved and saving,'" quoting St. Clement.

Let us examine briefly how this can be done.

There are mysteries in our holy religion. We often define a mystery as a truth which we cannot fully understand. However, the word has a broader meaning than that. These mysteries are not only truths which escape our comprehension; they are powers, they are holy energies. Through his humanity, Christ entered into the stream of history. Through the instrumentality of His flesh, He was able to appear at a certain period of time and in a certain geographical place. People saw Him, heard Him, touched Him. However, while as man He was subject to the limitations of clock and calendar and map, as God He escaped such limitations. The proper home of God is eternity; He is outside place and time. He is not just somewhere, but everywhere; not just sometime, but always.

Moreover, just as He was able to use His flesh to introduce eternity into time, the divine into the human, He

is also able to extend the redeeming might of the Passion into the here and now through the sacramental use of water and wine, bread and oil, human words and actions. Through the sacraments and the liturgy, the Passion becomes contemporary with every age, present in every place.

For example, the sacrament of Baptism signifies the death and resurrection of Our Lord. Accordingly, when a person is baptized, the pouring of water and the pronouncing of the words not only symbolize this mystery, but simultaneously the sacrament effects the soul's death to sin and resurrection to a newness of life in Christ. When a penitent kneels before a priest and is absolved, it is the blood of Christ shed on Calvary that makes the soul white again. When we assist at Mass, the death of Christ is made present to us through the separate consecration of the bread and wine. We stand on Golgotha, and the power and the holiness and the reality of the Passion are there before us to make our very own.

Through all our days, being one mystic person with the Crucified, we open our lives to all He has done for us, if we live the holy liturgy.

If that is true, it might be asked why it is that these "mysteries" seem to make so little difference in the world, or, for that matter, in ourselves? The fact is that mere physical nearness alone is not enough. Who could actually be closer to Christ than those who crucified Him? There were those who drove home the nails, those who clamored for His death and rejoiced in His dying, but they all sinned through the very nearness to it.

In other words, it all depends upon ourselves whether the Passion will profit us. The Passion of Christ is with us still in the here and now, and in His dying there is enough holiness to make saints of us all, yet we may remain untouched by it. There is the fact that should fill us with a holy fear. St. Paul warns us Christ dieth now no more. There is nothing more to be added to the work of redemption. If what He has already done is not enough, nothing will be sufficient. If, after He died for us, we cannot find it within ourselves to live in Him and for Him, so far as we are concerned, He has died in vain and we are twice lost.

One and all, we have magnificent possibilities and terrible responsibilities. Being one mystical person with Him, His truth, His holiness, His power, and His love must take possession of us. In turn, we must pour out these riches upon the world in which we live, a world for which He died.

On February 18, the silver notes of trumpets will start the eighth Winter Olympics



*Roofed ice arena seating 8,500 spectators. Nearby are the speed-skating oval and three hockey rinks*

## Squaw Valley Carnival

BY RED SMITH

IN THE winter of 1932, cliff-dwellers in the cities began to read of strange and stirring deeds in the frozen fastnesses of the Adirondacks. The Winter Olympics were on at Lake Placid, N.Y., and in hundreds of newspaper plants typesetters were fumbling and cursing over names like Sven Utterstrom, Veli Saarinen, and Johan Grottumsbraaten.

German bobsledders howling down Mount Van Hoevenberg missed a turn, were scraped off the ice and restrung like beads. Japanese skiers who had never gone off a jump saw Norway's Birger Ruud fly through the air with the greatest of ease. "Ah, so?" they said, and off they went into the wild blue yonder to land on their skulls in the left field bleachers.

"Hey," said followers of the sports pages, "this sounds like fun." For the first time in the history of this fair land, sliding downhill took on the proportions of a major industry.

"The third Winter Olympic Games," said the coach of the American team, Julius Blegen, "as far as skiing is concerned, was the biggest boost the sport ever had in the United States and should in the years to come open the eyes of American boys and girls to the possibilities in this wonderful, health-bringing, clean outdoor pastime."

He never spoke a truer banality. In

the years that came, millions of American boys and girls strapped on skis, and the healthy snapping of fibulae was heard from Manchester, Vermont, to Aspen, Colo.

Now, after twenty-eight years, this frost-bitten carnival is playing a return engagement in the United States. On February 18, the silver notes of trumpets will shiver among the snowy peaks of the Sierra Nevada Range. At a signal from Walt Disney, 2,000 pigeons will circle skyward while an orchestra of 1,285 pieces and a choir of 2,645 voices join in a hymn composed for the occasion. As the crags hurl back the thunder of cannon, spectators on the floor of Squaw Valley, Calif., will see Andrea Mead Lawrence come swooping down the face of Little Papoose Peak, her skis flinging up rooster-tails of snow, the Olympic torch blazing in an uplifted hand.

The VIII Winter Olympics will be under way, and the fortune of a guy named Alex Cushing will be as good as made.

As far as winter sports are concerned, Alex Cushing holds the key real estate in Squaw Valley, a crease in the High Sierras about fifty miles as the dice roll from that celebrated separation center, Reno, Nev. A little more than a century ago this valley—two miles long,

half a mile wide, and 6,200 feet high—was discovered by John Charles Fremont and it got its name because the Washoe Indians of those days farmed out their womenfolk there to graze on roots and grasses while the bucks went hunting red meat.

Five years ago, Cushing had a modest ski resort, with a small lodge and two chair-lifts, at the valley's western extremity where Little Papoose, KT-22 Mountain, Squaw Peak, and Little Granite Chief rise sheer. With a dream, a diagram, and a mighty good press agent, he set out to sell a bill of goods to the International Olympic Committee.

By sweet-talking the delegates of Latin America, especially those from equatorial lands who didn't give a whoop where the winter games were held, he beat out far more famous European resorts. The games were awarded to Squaw Valley on June 16, 1955.

In four and a half years since then, miracles have been passed. Squaw Valley is now a tiny metropolis, embracing in 6,000 acres the most compact, modern, and complete plant ever created for winter sports.

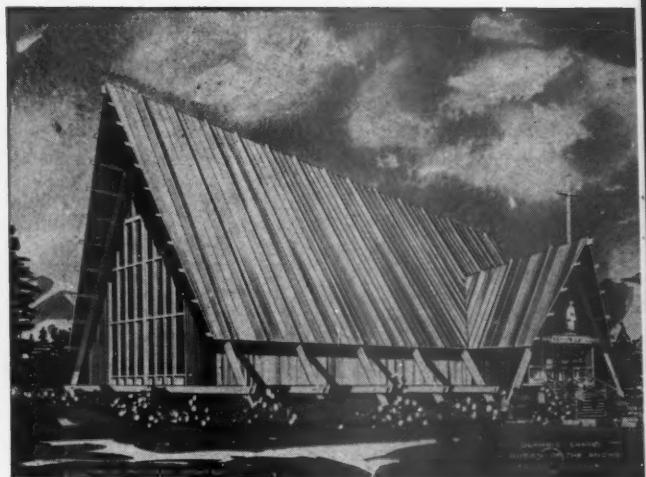
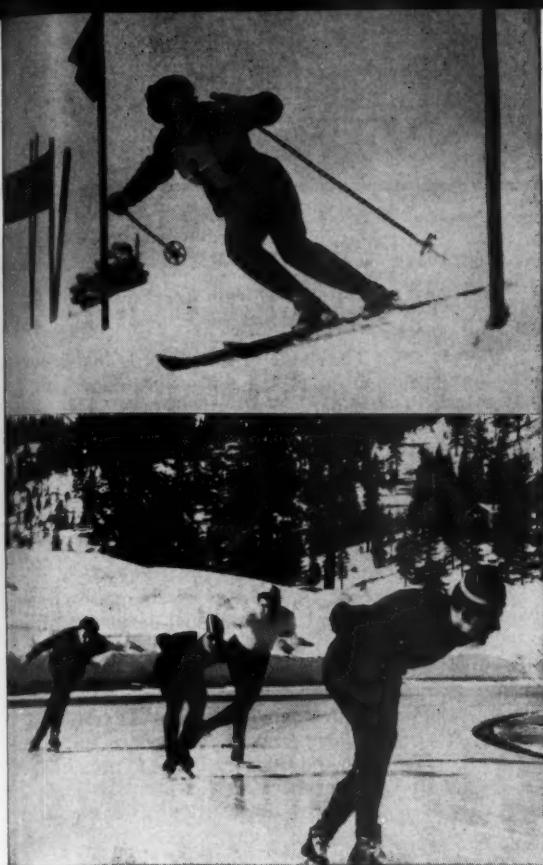
There is a roofed ice arena seating 8,500 spectators. Immediately outside are a speed skating oval and three

hockey arena, central past natural like 70 400-m the tem

The sixty, a into the jumper all will whole of tw shelter

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The ski ju back s be pa



*Catholic church being built nearby. Both Catholic and Protestant churches are being constructed*

*Upper left: early practicing for the ski events*

*Speed-skating oval and hockey rinks contain the world's largest concentration of artificial ice*

hockey rinks which, together with the arena, represent the world's largest concentration of artificial ice. Always in past Olympics, skaters raced on the natural ice of lakes or ponds. Something like 70 miles of copper tubing under the 400-meter racing oval should control the temperature and maintain unchanging conditions on the surface.

The jumping hill, with jumps of forty, sixty, and eighty meters, has been built into the side of Little Papoose. The jumpers, the downhill and slalom racers, all will finish right in the heart of the whole installation, smack-dab in front of two big, glass-walled spectator shelters.

Track and field sports are the meat and potatoes of the summer Olympics. If a stadium weren't available, it would be theoretically possible to take over a public park and let the athletes run and jump over the greensward. The winter Olympics are something else. Here you need not only snow and ice and mountains, but a crew of at least three hundred men working daily at course preparation, with another thousand serving as judges, timers, gate guards, etc.

That's only the beginning. Because ski jumpers prefer not to land in the back seat of a convertible, cars have to be parked outside the area of competition. There are Navy technicians on

the scene who have been experimenting for years in snow compaction. Starting with the winter's first snow, they drag out monstrous big rollers and squash all the air from the snow, packing it like ice. They insulate this with a layer of sawdust and keep repeating the process whenever new snow falls.

By this means, they expect to create a man-made glacier, hard as concrete, as a floor for a vast parking area. Chances are this will work. Then, if there should be a three-foot snowfall some day when ten thousand cars are parked in the lot, somebody else will have to figure out how to shelter and feed twenty thousand or thirty thousand stranded spectators in addition to the athletes and officials of thirty-four nations.

With luck, this won't happen. Though there are no accommodations for the public in the valley, hotels, motels, and lodges within easy driving distance have beds for 35,000. The California Highway Patrol takes it for granted that there'll be thousands of visitors inexperienced at driving in snow, unfamiliar with the area, and in some cases unversed in English.

With that in mind, a scholarship check was run on these state cops, and it was ascertained that ninety-six members of the force were fluent in one or

more of the following tongues: Russian, Spanish, French, German, Italian, Portuguese, Greek, Dutch, Yugoslavian, Swiss-Italian, Finnish, Danish, Polish, Chinese, Croatian, Serbian, Hindustani, Flemish, Armenian, and sign language. Presumably an American who got lost could get directions in English.

Then there's the problem of snow slides. The Army, which has charted the valley's slide areas, has cannon set up on the peaks commanding the danger spots. Comes a new snowfall, the soldiers shoot down incipient avalanches.

When all these aspects are considered, it must be obvious that no individual, not even a live one like Alex Cushing, could finance such a project. Matter of fact, he didn't.

The state of California yielded up \$7,990,000 in park funds. Nevada appropriated \$363,000. Congress got up \$4,300,000 of federal funds. Adding private and corporate donations of \$2,000,000, you get about fourteen and a half million for the job.

It's an investment in the American passion for sliding downhill. When the games are over, the area will be operated as a California state park. Cushing will still hold the key facilities. The notion here is that he's entitled to the advertising and the profit therefrom. He put it all across.

# BOOK REVIEWS

## AMERICAN CATHOLICS

By Gustave Weigel, S.J. 235 pages.  
Sheed & Ward. \$3.75

This is an unusual book. At the invitation of a Catholic publisher, six contributors here come forward to offer a symposium on what Catholics in the United States look like to their Protestant and Jewish fellow Americans. A brief "afterword" has been added by Father Weigel, S.J. It does not attempt to appraise the views expressed. It probably should have been included as a foreword rather than a "Catholic Postscript."

The cultural image of Catholics in America is held up by Stringfellow Barr. Under the heading of "The Religious Image," two Protestants, Martin E. Marty and Robert McAfee Brown, and two Jews, Arthur A. Cohen and Rabbi Arthur Gilbert, take a hard look at the phenomenon. Allyn P. Robinson, of the National Conference of Christians and Jews, discusses the social image of Catholics in the community.

Each of these guest writers relates, with some hesitancy and as objectively as possible, what he thinks he sees. The basic symptom is "tensions" and the basic therapy prescribed is, generally, more "dialogue." With the exceptions of the papers by Brown and Cohen, which endeavor to point out our theological differences, most of the observations are on the level of social, political, and possibly cultural apprehensions.

The analyses offered by the Protestants share the common fear of the potential growth and power of the Catholic Church; of the possibilities of the Catholic Church imposing doctrines and disciplines upon non-Catholics; of reverting to a Catholic union of Church and State and to the influence of foreign authority. In the cultural realm, the words "ghetto" and "aloofness" reappear to describe a condition from which it is suggested Catholics in America should make more strenuous efforts to emerge. A number of Catholic sources are quoted to reinforce this observation.

The distinctively Jewish reactions reach into history as well as doctrine and reveal in some instances a type of bitterness of which American Catholics may not be aware. Even the friendly comment of Pope Pius XI, that "anti-



Father Weigel

Semitism is unacceptable. Spiritually we are Semites," is rejected as pious rhetoric or some profundity "obscured by the life of the Church." The reader will also find significant comments on Jewish attitudes about Catholic parochial schools. The plea for "meaningful dialogue" is implemented particularly by Dr. Robinson, not only in a spirit of positive charity and cordiality, but also with many practical suggestions.

Catholics will find in this book an opportunity to see themselves as others see them, even though they may not agree on the validity of some of the observations. Without having to yield on any point of principle, they may be grateful for this honest and intelligent challenge for the improvement of public relations and the correction of misunderstandings.

MSGR. JAMES A. MAGNER.

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8. **THE CATHOLIC MARRIAGE MANUAL.** By Rev. George A. Kelly. \$4.95. Random House
9. **THE DEVIL'S ADVOCATE.** By Morris L. West. \$3.95. Morrow
10. **A FAMILY ON WHEELS.** By Maria Augusta Trapp. \$3.95. Lippincott

## THE CONSERVATIVE ILLUSION

By M. Morton Auerbach. 357 pages.  
Columbia Univ. \$6.75

The thesis of this work is that conservatism is "an illusion based on an imaginary theory of history." The author accepts the common liberal contention that conservatives are committed to preserving ever-changing traditions and an ever-vanishing present, that they look nostalgically to the past and fearfully to the future. But he claims that "the unifying thread of conservatism is its underlying value of harmony through minimizing individual desires and maximizing affection for the community." On this, he claims conservatism must stand or fall.

Mr. Auerbach traces conservative thought from Plato through St. Augustine and Edmund Burke to present "neoconservatives." He properly sees that there is a spectrum of conservatism, shading from "reactionary" Russell Kirk to the relatively "liberal" or "adjusted" Peter Viereck, Clinton Rossiter, and Peter Drucker. He treats the latter rather leniently, but nevertheless finds all conservatives involved in basic contradictions.

The author makes numerous good criticisms of conservative thinkers and reveals their weaknesses. This is the book's value in the current debate between liberals and conservatives. The latter should read Auerbach carefully and heed his criticism.

But *The Conservative Illusion* is essentially unsound, for the author has created his own version of conservatism to which he believes all conservatives must adhere unless they are to be condemned for deviation, contradiction, or vagueness. Sound conservative thinking about the family or other social institutions is frequently dismissed as "vague" or "not really conservative."

Conservative thought is concerned chiefly with social, political, and economic institutions, and it is a mistake to insist that all conservatives—any more than all liberals—agree in everything. For social thinking is not mathematical in method, and to make it so is to commit a basic error. Liberals and conservatives are both necessary for a society, just as a vanguard and a rear-guard are necessary for a traveling army. Society benefits when each group criticizes the other effectively, but it would suffer if either could destroy the other.

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Mr. Auerbach has made some excellent criticisms of men like Kirk, but he has failed to show that conservatism is an illusion. It is very much a reality, and it has called society's attention to traditional values and prevented society from surrendering or changing these values too suddenly. This is a signal service. Nor is a conservative necessarily confused when he contents himself with this social role and eventually accepts changes originally proposed by liberals and adopted by society.

THOMAS P. NEILL.

## **AMERICA THE VINCIBLE**

*By Emmet John Hughes. 306 pages.  
Doubleday. \$3.95*

There has probably been no book since World War II about America's role in world affairs that will rock the boat of American complacency so vigorously as Mr. Hughes' penetrating analysis of the past decade. Reviewing the American diplomatic pattern of the 1950's, he summarizes, with boldness and originality, the mistakes of the past and points to the questions that America must, in all its world policies, soon and clearly answer.



E. J. Hughes

*America the Vincible*, however, is no mere castigation of American diplomats, though it is frequently critical of Dulles and Nixon and even, on occasion, of President Eisenhower, for whom the author once served as administrative assistant and speech-writer. In a thought-provoking chapter on the "dialogue of democracy," Mr. Hughes addresses himself to the faulty reasoning and pie-in-the-sky aspirations of the American people. Keenly and acidly, he discusses the illusions that have beclouded policy and the "language of imprecision" that has allowed these illusions to survive. Careless use of such words as "peace," "leadership," "liberation," "law," has tended to obscure and confuse the thinking of the American people, who ultimately must answer the questions of policy.

Since the author had announced his support of the Rockefeller campaign for the Presidency, his book may be construed by many as a partisan polemic. Anyone who reads the book will soon discover, however, that Mr. Hughes has written on a much higher plane, though at times he is somewhat pompous and oratorical. Ranging from the philosophical to the practical, *America the Vincible* may well be considered as a major political commentary on our times.

CHARLES P. BRUDERLE.



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Society of St. Paul

235 pages.  
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No more competent biographer for the youthful Saint could have been selected than the versatile hagiographer, Mabel Farnum. Her books, brochures, and articles on canonized servants of God have been widely acclaimed. This tenderly moving biography, in its original format, won the hearts of thousands. Now, presented in a popular paper-back edition, it will introduce Saint Gabriel to a still wider group.

The research for it, done almost entirely from Italian and Latin sources secured from Roman archives, enabled the author to offer the first English translation of the "Letters" of the young Saint, as well as many incidents of his life not previously published in English.

In an apostolic Foreword to the work, His Eminence Cardinal Spellman writes, in part: "God's Holy Mother was the light, the love, and the joy of this nineteenth-century hero of the Cross in his progress to sainthood, and by swift steps Mary conducted her devout client to the very heart of her Divine Son. It is my prayer that this book will inspire its readers, especially youthful ones of our generation, to desire to emulate the example of this holy young student, Saint Gabriel of the Sorrowful Virgin, and, as devoted children of our Blessed Mother Mary, become heroically faithful members of the Mystical Body of Christ."

This story of a personable youth, written in faultless English, will be relished by teenagers, as well as by their elders.

VINCENT F. KIENBERGER, O. P.

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death of servitude to a life of worship. Thus one expects *This Is My God* to be an emphatic profession of faith, as fiery as the ancient song of victory.

What Mr. Wouk really offers us is an informative and superbly written introduction to the faith and practices of traditional Judaism. Torah and Talmud, the feast days, the prayers at home and in the synagogue, the laws on birth and death, love and marriage, food, clothing, and shelter—these and other orthodox "symbols of faith" are made to live for the modern reader. Mr. Wouk does intersperse his account with personal observations, but they have none of the vigor of the ancient song.

All throughout his book, he prefers the gentle to the strong word. When I recall those who mistake their angry temper or bad manners for prophetic passion, I am inclined to think that his is the right approach. Still, I cannot help seeing its shortcomings.

Mr. Wouk's gentleness prevents him from coming to grips with a number of Jewish problems and, occasionally, from taking a decided stand. At times one waits for an unmistakable: "This I believe," but hears only an indefinite: "It may be so." Unlike other writers who fear that freedom and prosperity may endanger the survival of American Jewry, Mr. Wouk thinks that "its great days lie ahead" but gives no reason for his optimism. In chapter after chapter, he seems to say to his reader: "See, how sensible, how dignified and, except for an occasional embarrassment, how pleasant traditional Jewish life is!" The ancient rabbis, however, though knowing the joy of obedience, spoke of the yoke of the divine commandments.

I have dwelled on what I consider a weakness in Mr. Wouk's book and said nothing of its many virtues. But these, I am sure, the reader will easily discover for himself, as he is led by a man of reverence to a reverential understanding of the Orthodox way.

JOHN M. OESTERREICHER.

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the amazing quantity and quality of the speeches made during our founding years. These speeches range from such copybook favorites as the "liberty or death" oration of Patrick Henry to the lesser known, but also effective, efforts of John Hancock, Samuel Adams, Alexander Hamilton, and a host of others. No wonder the British gave up!

The book is skillfully arranged in five sections representing various historical periods, from a speech on liberty delivered by John Winthrop in 1645 to the touching eulogy of Abraham Lincoln, delivered by Carl Sandburg before Congress in 1959. There is, too, enough variety in theme and presentation to please all palates, since the speeches embrace such elements as exhortation, humor, tragic irony, and simple logic. Happily, there is also included one of the inspirational talks of our own Bishop Sheen.

The author, himself a newspaperman, has chosen to precede each speech with an introduction written in the style of a newspaper paragraph, answering the familiar questions of who, what, when, where, and why. Designed to lend a touch of the current event to the speeches, the device seems a bit too contrived for effectiveness. Again, as the speeches themselves are but excerpts of the originals, they suffer from the inevitable defects of all such digests. The subject, however, is covered so comprehensively that the book is well worth having on any library shelf as a valued panorama of our great past and our turbulent present. The speeches serve to unite our inspired past with our confused and timorous present. We turn each page with a sigh of regret at the passing of these prophets who so steadfastly preached principle without compromise or retreat. Will we hear of their like again?

VICTOR J. NEWTON

## HAMMER AND FIRE

By M. Raphael Simon, O.C.S.O.  
P. J. Kenedy. 257 pages. \$3.95

Christianity has always envisioned God as a masterful craftsman molding souls into a likeness of Himself. His word can strike the human mind with sharp incisiveness or with the patient tapping of a goldsmith's hammer. But even a skilled hammer is ineffective unless the metal be steeped in the fire. Accordingly, Father Simon wants us to expose our souls to the merciful strokes of God's hammer by spiritual reading; he wants us to achieve a willingness to be molded by plunging our spirit into the fire of prayer.

Priest and psychiatrist, ascetic and contemplative, Father Simon is eminently qualified to underscore the close relation between pursuit of God-given

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goals and attainment of mental health. In no case, however, does he ever make the mistake of harnessing theology to the menial service of medicine. Theology is always the queen of the sciences as he talks to us about the motivations which should drive us to holiness and shows us how well equipped we are to rise above all the restlessness and boredom, all the fears, futility, and sin which plague our hectic times.

Occasionally, an astute insight into the dynamics of human motivation or an apt correlation between spiritual refinement and mental hygiene reminds us that Father Simon has been a close student of the human heart. But his prime interest is simply to unlock the treasure-chest of faith and quietly unfold the beautiful truths lying there unappreciated and unadmired.

This is not a brilliant book. One does not read it with the feelings of awe which come when watching flashes of lightning. It rather engenders the tranquil comfort suggested by a warm hearth in our Father's house.

AUGUSTINE PAUL HENNESSY, C.P.

## THE COMMUNIST CHALLENGE TO AMERICAN BUSINESS

By Clarence B. Randall. 203 pages. Little, Brown. \$3.50

There are more scholarly works than Mr. Randall's on the multiheaded Communist challenge to non-Communist society, but none appear to say so much in so short a space.

The book begins with a brief chapter on "the distance which industry has come in the voluntary assumption of social responsibility." It ends with a fervent appeal to America's big business executives to accept positions in government (as the author had done for five full years) in the interest of Common Good.

Packed into the intervening pages (less than 200) is a keen analysis of world conditions based on the personal experiences of the author as Chairman of the Randall Commission on Foreign Economic Policy.

The contents of this book should give pause to the uncritical enthusiast of modern American capitalism. At the same time it offers a stimulus of counter-challenge to Communist claims of superiority and progress.

"I say that there are powerful forces now at work in the modern world," writes Mr. Randall, "which have certainly shot free enterprise straight out into orbit. There it hangs in the economic sky and the whole world is watching. We think that it will shine there forever, but countless millions beyond our borders confidently believe that it will soon burn out, to disappear as a lifeless mass in the sea of history." The

countless millions are those now caught up in the delirium of Communist propaganda and apparent success.

Other countless millions, living in lands far removed both from Wall Street and the AFL-CIO headquarters in Washington, see two stars in the firmament: that of free enterprise and that of the system designated by the hammer and sickle. Which star will the "wise men" of Asia, Africa, and other "underdeveloped" areas of the world follow?

Steeped in ignorance, economically hopeless, floundering in poverty, the typical underprivileged land is often just one step above a primitive type of society. These are the weak of the world who are destined to confound the strong. Paradoxically, the survival of our own kind of civilization or the advent of Communist tyranny over the whole world may well depend on our ability or inability to woo the uncommitted countries to a non-Communist way of life.

Mr. Randall pinpoints the problems and weighs, with a nicety of judgment, the advantages and disadvantages that face us in this most crucial type of competition. So acute is this world crisis that it can easily lead to a life-and-death struggle for all the nations of the world as they are now constituted.

For the reviewer to go into greater detail on specific features of this little volume would be comparable to revealing in advance the solution of an intriguing "who dunnit?" Page for page, it is a better buy than some books three times the size, weighted down with scholarly footnotes. Not the least noteworthy of its admirable qualities is the simple, humble, and at times humorous recital of the author's own "conversion" from a dyed-in-the-wool ultraconservative attitude to a mental outlook that allows facts to take their proper place in the formation of judgments on social issues.

WILLIAM J. SMITH, S.J.

## APPROACHES TO CHRISTIAN UNITY

By C. J. Dumont. 226 pages. Helicon. \$4.50

This slender volume will not seem "practical" to most American Catholics. It offers little factual information on the ecumenical movement, and it is seldom concerned with the actual operations involved in the work for Christian reunion. Yet, in reality, it is a supremely practical book. By pointing out the necessity of sound understanding and fervent, intelligent prayer as a solid foundation for any Christian labor, it tries to help Catholics to avoid the disaster that ruins so many of their projects

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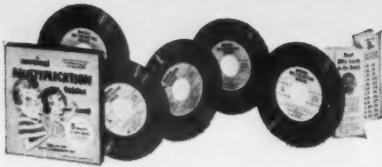
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for God and His Kingdom. As the subtitle "Doctrine and Prayer" indicates, the basic approaches to Christian unity for a Catholic are found in theology and communion with God. There is no other way, nor any short-cut.

The book is composed largely of editorials taken from a monthly bulletin issued for students of the ecumenical movement. These editorials aim to form a truly Catholic state of mind and soul in those who work for Christian unity, so that they can appreciate both the goal and the proper means to reach it. Fr. Dumont reminds these Catholic workers of the differences between the Catholic and the Protestant understanding of the unity of the Church. For Protestants, the Church is invisibly united in Christ and the ecumenical movement should make this unity apparent to the world. But for Catholics, the Church's unity is already visible and apparent, and their task is to extend the Church's visible unity to include all Christians and to perfect that unity in each Christian through a closer union with Christ. Finally, Catholics are reminded of certain basic doctrines which they often neglect to emphasize, both to themselves and to non-Catholics. The most important is the truth that Christian faith is, first of all, faith in Christ, and not primarily faith in an organization, in ceremonies, in history, or in saints. Only through faith in Christ do we come to faith in the Church.

JAMES FISHER, C.S.P.

### FATHER CONNELL ANSWERS MORAL QUESTIONS

By Francis J. Connell, C.S.S.R.

Edited by Eugene J. Weitzel, C.S.V.  
Catholic University. 210 pages. \$3.95

A study of the catechism does not provide the answer to every moral problem. Neither does the reading of a moral theology textbook. Knowledge of moral principles does not automatically bring with it the ability to answer correctly all concrete moral questions. Many problems, especially in the areas of government, business, medicine, warfare, motion pictures, interfaith cooperation, etc., can be solved only by an expert in moral theology.

Father Connell is one of the most eminent moral theologians in America. For many years, he answered hundreds of questions submitted to the *American Ecclesiastical Review*. Almost two hundred of those answers are contained in this book, compiled and edited by Father Weitzel.

Father Connell's answers, based on commonly accepted theological teaching, cover a wide range of subjects. Among the aspects of modern life which the author discusses are atomic warfare, inter-faith meetings, best-sel-

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lers, boxing, motion pictures, and social relations with divorced persons. There are many questions, especially those that have arisen in modern times, concerning the virtue of justice and the Sacrament of Matrimony.

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*By William Faulkner.* 436 pages.  
Random House. \$4.75



Wm. Faulkner

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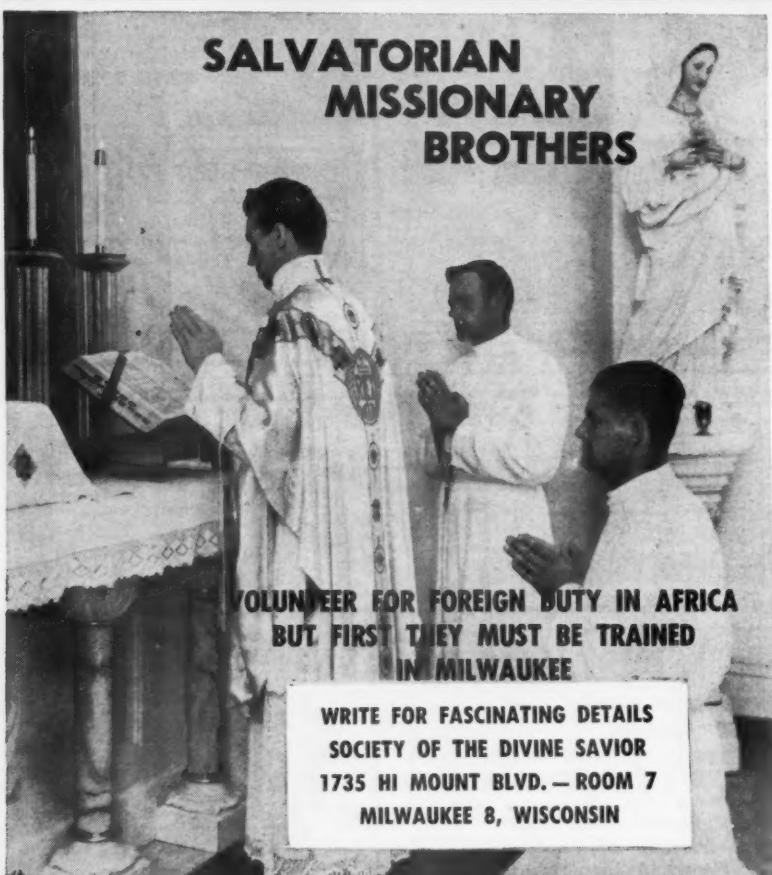
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be judged the best volume in the trilogy of the Snopeses, it is not the best of Faulkner. His technique of having different characters relate their own incomplete grasp of events, his striving to beget form out of an apparent formlessness, fail to produce any reasonable totality. Indeed, a muddled exposition, syntactical abuses, and symbolical ambiguities mar an otherwise interesting story.

GEORGE A. CEVASCO.

### PETER THE FIRST

By Alexey Tolstoy.  
Macmillan.

768 pages.  
\$5.95



Alexey Tolstoy

This is the story of the man who changed the pattern of Russia in the early eighteenth century and transformed an archaic state into a modern European nation. Peter the First, called the Great, possessed the genius of statesman, soldier, empire-builder, and technologist; but his nature was primitive and wild, his methods too crude and hasty to permit the normal development of Russian civilization. However, the results he achieved in a few short dramatic years are astounding. Through more than seven hundred tightly packed and colorful pages, which cover only a part of Peter's reign, Alexey Tolstoy reconstructs this period with the help of long and minute research but also of his own "flair" for history. Though no relation to the author of *War and Peace*, he learned from the older master both literary taste and discipline. Alexey Tolstoy was a young but already successful writer when the Bolshevik Revolution broke out. He fled from Russia, lived for a time abroad, then returned to the U.S.S.R. accepting Stalin's regime. He became a leader of Soviet Literature and remained *persona grata* until his death in 1946. When his book came out in Soviet Russia, many felt that his portrayal of Peter, dynamic, cruel, sweeping away and destroying all that stood in his way, contained some hidden allusions and even broader hints as to the man who was once more breaking Russia's traditional mould, i.e., Stalin. True, the author did dwell almost constantly on the dark, terrifying, or rougher aspects of Peter's reforms; the people exhausted and severely bled; young and old forced to change entirely their way of life: from their dearest customs to their clothes and even hair-do, from their food to their alphabet and calendar. The Peter-Stalin parallel is somewhat overdone by the author, probably forced to obey the "social

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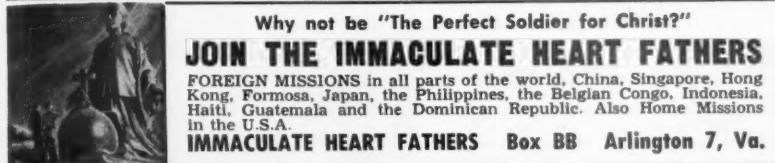
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By Arthur B. Tourtellot. 311 pages.  
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## THE FAST BUCK and THE SLOW ETHIC

(Continued from page 41)

who may be married men, are not likely to expose the practice. And the corporation has forged a neat tool of blackmail.

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